The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, AUGUST 27, 1896.

The Week.

THE meeting at Madison Square Garden on Tuesday night of last week was immense in every way, and its effect upon the country as a contrast to the Bryan demonstration of the previous week must have been great. It is hard to speak of such a meeting without falling into the language of hyperbole. It is sufficient to say that more people came than there was room for in the vast building, that they came to listen and to learn, that they gave eager attention for an hour and a quarter to a closely reasoned argument, and that they applauded enthusiastically and repeatedly every sentiment that coupled the American name with honest dealing and honest money. The meeting was a great tribute to Mr. Bourke Cockran as an orator, but it was a far greater one to the cause which he advocated. The call for an honest-money Democratic convention in this State came as a fitting echo to the meeting. It would have been strange indeed if there were no Democratic leaders here who were capable of assuming direction of the party indignation which was revealed at that meeting. Every allusion which Mr. Cockran made to party honor and principle as being more worthy of preservation than party regularity, was greeted with prolonged shouts of approval. Nothing in his speech commanded more hearty commendation from an assemblage obviously composed very largely of Democrats than the following declaration:

"A Democratic convention may renounce the Democratic faith, but the Democracy remains faithful to Democratic principles. Democratic leaders may betray a convention to the Populists, but they cannot seduce the footsteps of Democratic voters from the pathway of honor and of justice. A candidate bearing the mandate of a Democratic convention may in this hall open a canvass levelled against the foundations of social order, and he beholds the Democratic masses confronting him, organized for the defence."

It has been plain since the nomination of Mr. Bryan that he commands no support in this city or State from the most eminent men of the Democratic party, or from the great mass of the party's rank and file. At the same time it has been revealed that he does have the support of a majority of the regular party machine, and that if the machine has its own way in the matter, the regular Democratic convention will approve his candidacy, and nominate Bryan and Sewall electors as the only regular Democratic Presidential ticket in the field. In view of this situation it was inevitable that self-respecting Democrats should take formal action to show that there was still some moral purpose left in their party. They have called a State convention to meet at Syracuse on August 31 to elect delegates to the Indianapolis convention, and they ask the coöperation of all Democrats in the State "who reject the Chicago platform and nominees, and who believe that labor should be paid in honest dollars, and that debts, public and private, should not be repudiated, but should be scrupulously paid; of all Democrats who would defeat the attack now sacrilegiously made in the name of Democracy upon industry and thrift, and would protect from attack savings-bank depositors, pensioners of the war, beneficiaries of life insurance, and earners of honest wages in every form, and of all Democrats who have been and are loyal to the principles and policy to which the Democratic party has steadfastly adhered during more than a century." If they cannot assemble an impressive convention on that platform, then their party is fitly represented by Sheehan, the defaulter, and Danforth, the canvasser of illegal election returns; and the sooner the fact is made known the better.

The part of Bryan's New York speech which is going to prove most effective against him is that in which he contended that the passage of a free-coinage law would raise the price of silver so that a silver dollar would be worth as much as a gold one. "We contend," he said, "that free and unlimited coinage by the United States alone will raise the bullion value of silver to its coinage value, and thus make silver bullion worth $1.29 per ounce in gold throughout the world." As a contention this is, of course, ridiculous. It not only flies in the face of reason, but also in that of our recent national experience. Senator Stewart and the other silverites "contended" in 1890 that "four and a half millions a month would certainly put silver to par," and yet under the Sherman law providing for purchases to that amount the price of silver in the market fell from $1.06 per ounce at the time of its enactment to 73 cents when it was repealed. If the country had never tried this experiment of booming the price of silver by legislation, its advocates might stand some chance of making people believe that there is something in the theory that it can be done. So, too, if the experiment had been made long ago and under entirely different conditions. But the trial has occurred within the past six years, and everybody is so familiar with the result that it seems like an affront to intelligence to bring out the disproved theory now.

However, Bryan has committed himself in this claim to the idea that the silver dollar ought to be worth 100 cents in gold. Of course he had to do this in order to escape the accusation that the policy which he advocates would enable people to repudiate half their debts by paying them with silver dollars that would be worth only about 50 cents in gold. But the free-coinage men have no wish for honest silver dollars, and they are plainly telling their candidate that he is altogether wrong in suggesting the possibility that there will be silver dollars of this sort. The Detroit *Tribune*, which is perhaps the most earnest advocate of free coinage in the Western press, took Bryan up on this claim at once, and is publishing articles every day to show that he is altogether wrong. Here is a sample of what it says:

"It is the contention of rational defenders of free coinage that it would not raise silver to a parity at the existing ratio, and upon that fact they base chiefly their claim that free coinage will bring relief. We insist that free coinage is a good thing, because under it the dollar as at present expressed by 23.2 grains of gold metal will disappear at once and never return to oppress us."

It is a great thing for the sound-money cause to get the advocates of free coinage out openly on this platform, because it shows that their policy, by their own confession, means repudiation.

One of the commonest sayings of the supporters of Bryan is that there is no silver in Europe that could be spared to come to this country, and consequently that all the talk about our being inundated with that metal in the event that we adopt free coinage at the ratio of 16 to 1 is nonsensical. If this were true, it would still be necessary to account for the silver of Asia, which is a much larger quantity. But the *Nachrichten* of Bremen of August 6 furnishes a conclusive answer to the statement that there is no silver to spare in Europe. In an editorial on "The Presidential Election in the United States," it says:

"What, then, would the victory of the American silver party mean? In the first place, it would furnish us a magnificent opportunity to get rid of our old thalers. In a similar manner, other nations, too, especially France and Belgium, would dump their superabundance of silver, which gives them so much trouble, upon the American market, and—like other nations, too—would use American free silver coinage to carry out the unavoidable transition to the gold standard. Furthermore it would be very profitable for the refining works and arbitrage houses to ship their silver, and to exchange for it American products at half the price which American consumers have to pay. Even if the United States should wish to exclude foreign silver, or, to speak more accurately, if they could, the director of the mint would soon see further billions of silver [marks] accumulate in addition to the two billions [marks] of silver which he has already in his vaults. What dangers to industrial life are implied in this accumulation of fictitious values, has been clearly shown by the outflow of gold, as well as by the crisis of 1893, the panic on the Exchange on December 26, 1895, and July 16, 1896."

The explanation of this matter is that the German Government is pledged to retire

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all the old silver thalers at some time, and is only awaiting a convenient opportunity to do so. Such an opportunity would be furnished by a free-coinage law in the United States, and would be immediately availed of. A large lot of these old thalers are lying in the vaults of the Reichsbank, and these would be immediately available. Probably all the rest could be gathered up before Mr. Bryan could bring Congress together in extra session to enact such a law.

Bryan's candidacy bears some striking resemblances to Greeley's as his campaign advances. There is the same wrangling between two separate campaign committees. Greeley had his Liberal Republicans, who were at war with the Democrats, each being suspicious of the other, and each anxiously in search of the campaign funds which never came. Bryan has his Populist and his Democratic committees, who are agitated by like distrust and anxiety, and every day brings the two into more irreconcilable positions. Then he has what Greeley did not have, two candidates for Vice-President on his ticket with him, both of whom insist upon running, and one of whom persists in assailing not only his rival at the tail of the ticket, but also the head of the ticket. Greeley was able to accept both nominations which were made of himself, the Liberal Republican and the Democratic, but Bryan has as yet been able to accept only one of the two offered him, and it is clear that the longer he waits about the second the more difficult will acceptance be. All these conflicting and confusing influences are combining daily to create a popular distrust of his candidacy, and to make it certain that when election day arrives he will receive, as Greeley did, a vote of lack of confidence from the country.

The Popocratic appeal for campaign funds puts the Bryan campaign on the Altgeld-Tillman level. There is not a word in it about Democratic principles. It is a frantic effort to array the "plain people" against the "favored classes," and it is expressed in the language which has been familiar to us in the Ocala platform and in the speeches of all the Populist and Anarchist orators for the past dozen years or more. We must be "big enough and strong enough to have our own financial policy; if not, then we are the serfs of the money-changers of Europe, and are doomed to a vassalage more ignominious and more degrading than that against which our fathers fought a century ago." "We have allied against us in this contest not only the financial forces of Europe, but the subsidized press and all the monopolies and Trusts here at home." "To the overflowing treasury of the money powers we will oppose the accumulated offerings of the masses fighting to be free, and ask the Ruler of the Universe for his blessing." These are the ravings of despair as well as of pure Populism. The writer of the address has clearly given up all hope of any assistance from the respectable and intelligent section of the Democratic party, and is placing all his hopes of success upon the ragtag and bobtail of all parties. His address will add force to the third-ticket movement by showing the importance of having some candidate in the field for whom self-respecting Democrats, who cannot bring themselves to abandon their party, may cast their votes.

That is an excellent example which the sound-money men of both parties are setting in the Raleigh district of North Carolina. The present Representative is a Populist, who is of course a silver man, and who owed his success two years ago to the support of the Republicans. He has been renominated by the Populists. The Democrats have nominated a candidate, who is also for free coinage. Under these circumstances the Republicans have put up a man who is a pronounced advocate of the gold standard, and he will be supported also by those Democrats who believe in sound money. Democrats of this school communicated with the leaders of the Republican party in the district before the latter made its nomination, and asked that a man be selected whom they could accept because he was right on the burning issue.

We have heard accounts from time to time of the strength of the Democratic revolt against Bryan in the State of Kentucky. All these accounts were more than confirmed by the convention of sound-money Democrats held at Louisville on Thursday, at which 4,000 men assembled from all parts of the State to form an organization and send delegates to the Indianapolis convention. A full electoral ticket was nominated and a full delegation to the National convention appointed. The name of Gen. S. B. Buckner was proposed as a candidate for Vice-President on the National ticket. A telegram from Senator Lindsay was read saying that he was prevented by illness from attending the convention, and expressing his hearty sympathy with the objects of the convention. Senator Lindsay had previously been claimed as a supporter of the Bryan ticket. As there is no defection whatever in the Republican ranks in Kentucky, there is very little doubt that that State will cast its electoral vote for McKinley and Hobart. The plurality for Bradley, the Republican candidate for Governor last year, was 8,912. At this election 16,911 votes were cast by the Populists. With such leaders as Buckner, Lindsay, Breckinridge, Watterson, and the sound-money Democratic press of the State opposing the Bryan ticket, it is pretty safe to put Kentucky in the Republican column.

A new Secretary of the Interior has been appointed to fill the place of Hoke Smith, who is forced out by his own sense of propriety. The appointment, in his place, of ex-Gov. Francis of Missouri as Secretary of the Interior is a clear indication of President Cleveland's preferences in the present campaign. Gov. Francis has been from first to last an uncompromising opponent of the free coinage of silver. With him there has been no variableness or shadow of turning. He has been as sound as any member of Mr. Cleveland's cabinet or as Mr. Cleveland himself. The cabinet will now be a unit, and it is very probable that some of its members will be heard from in a more public way after the meeting of the Indianapolis convention. There is a great desire to hear from Mr. Carlisle, whose voice would be most potent in all sections of the country, and especially in Kentucky. Mr. Carlisle could do more than any other man, perhaps more than all others, to make the probability that that State will vote against Bryan a certainty.

The method adopted by ex-Gov. Flower of showing a Watertown audience that the collapse and ruin which have overtaken the country in the last twenty-five years are a mere figment of the silverite fancy, is very effective. This fancy is based upon and appeals to the universal human tendency to think of the remote past as "good old times," and to long for a return to them. The only way to dissipate it is to appeal to the actual facts. To the Watertownians, just beginning, under the spell of silver, to dream of the good old times of 1870, when they were all so rich and happy, Mr. Flower, in the clarion voice of Truth, speaks as follows: You now have 800 men employed in the manufacture of wagons. Did you have a single wagon factory here in 1870? No. You have now 300 men engaged in manufacturing car-brakes. Did you have a brake company then? No. You then had two paper mills. How many have you now? Twenty-seven. At that time your population was 10,000; it is now 20,000. Were your wages higher? Not so high. Were your streets paved and sewered? No. And the audience, recognizing the voice of Truth, became convinced that the demonetization of silver had not brought them to ruin.

Mr. Lucius B. Swift of Indianapolis has been making a collection of the prices of farm products in Indiana from 1873 to 1892 in order to test the assertion of the silverites that there has been a steady decline of such prices, and that it has been due to the demonetization of silver. These are the prices nearest to the farm. They show approximately what the farmer realized. The prices during the suspension of specie payments

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are reduced to gold values, and the results are the following:

	1873-1877.	1878-1882.	1883-1887.	1888-1892.
Corn, per bushel.....	35.6	41.8	37	39.8
Oats, per bushel.....	29.6	31.6	28.8	35.2
Wheat, per bushel...	95	102.6	79	87.2
Rye, per bushel.....	62.8	70.4	57.6	68
Potatoes, per bushel.	53	60.6	50.8	59.4
Hay, per ton.....	9.31	9.47	8 21	9.54

Of the six crops, there was only one on which the Indiana farmer did not realize more in the last-named period than in the first. That one was wheat, as to which there were peculiar influences at work in the increased cultivation and better means of transportation of that cereal in other parts of the world, especially in India, Argentina, Southern Russia, and Asia Minor. "How," asks Mr. Swift, "are Coin and Teller and Tillman and Altgeld going to explain to the Indiana farmer why the disuse of silver struck down one crop and raised up five? If the whole are reduced to tons, it will be found that corn outweighs all the rest. What kind of a man is Coin to omit notice of such a crop, or to take for comparison the one crop which had fallen in price and omit the five crops which had advanced?" The conclusion he comes to is that Coin and his crowd are given to lying.

Mr. Swift pursues the subject to the panic of 1893, and shows that the hard times that followed the period of 1888-'92 were due to a fruitless attempt to furnish a market for our silver-mine owners. The Bland-Allison act of 1878, under which we paid them $308,279,261 gold in twelve years, did not satisfy them. So in 1890 "we again allowed ourselves to be bullied by the silver-mine owners, and agreed to nearly double our purchases of silver in order to help their market. Under this law, up to 1893, we purchased of them $155,981,002 worth of silver, out of which we coined $36,000,000, and stored the rest as one would store hay or oats. We have it on hand now to the extent of 4,800 wagon-loads, counting a ton to a load." This measure of greed and folly caused the panic of 1893, from which the farmers as well as all other classes and trades have suffered. We were just beginning to recover from that disaster when a new agitation was started to upset the gold standard altogether by the free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1. This is what we are suffering from now. Here is where the farmer's misery comes in. Mr. Swift is the editor of the *Civil-Service Chronicle*. He was not specially interested in the money question until the present campaign began. He then took it up and made his studies in his own field for his own instruction, and has embodied his findings in a little pamphlet of eight pages which ought to be widely circulated.

The San Francisco *Argonaut*, a silver Republican paper, says that there is a small premium on gold in California, and that it has had a disturbing effect on business. It is an open secret that there has been a premium on gold in this city of about three-quarters per cent. ever since Bryan was nominated. Nor has it been confined to New York. We have seen circulars from brokers in Cincinnati and elsewhere offering one-half per cent. premium for gold and also for legal-tender notes. One of these circulars was published in a Memphis silverite newspaper, with sarcastic comments on the Shylocks and the Rothschilds and the whole race of money-brokers and money-lenders. This premium is merely an omen of what would take place if there were a general belief that there was danger of Bryan's election. It is a premium of gold and gold notes over silver and silver certificates. One of the commonest assertions of the silverites in the South is that silver would remain at par with gold under free coinage because the silver dollar is now at par with gold. They scout the idea that it is kept at par by being limited in quantity and being receivable for Government dues. But in point of fact it is not at par with gold. Anybody possessing any gold has been able to get a premium for it at any time during the past thirty days, although the banks have done everything in their power to discountenance and discourage it. The idea that the United States, which is scarcely able to maintain the redemption of its legal-tender notes, can, by its mere fiat, double the value of all the silver in the world and of all that is to be produced hereafter, is too childish for description. Yet that is what is meant when it is affirmed that our silver dollar of 412½ grains would be at par with the gold dollar under free coinage.

The following letter from Senator Sherman is published in a morning paper in reply to an inquiry touching the policy of the Republican party in regard to means for increasing the revenue:

"MANSFIELD, O., August 22, 1896.
"DEAR SIR: The only way in which a Republican administration can correct the evils of the past is by increasing the revenue by a new tariff law, and this, I fear, is not practicable."

It is said that an attempt was made by Republicans in Ohio to suppress this letter as though it contained something of a damaging character. It is difficult to see why it should be damaging to mention the notorious fact that the Democratic-Populist-Silver-Republican combine controls the Senate, and is almost certain to control it for two years from next March, and that this combine will vote for no tariff bill which does not include the free coinage of silver. The union of these three elements was not nearly so firm at the last session of Congress as it will be in the next one. Its cohesiveness has been greatly increased by the joint nominations made at St. Louis, so that the question to be determined in the coming election as regards the tariff is not whether McKinley is to be elected or not, but whether a sufficient number of States can be carried by the Republicans to wrest from the tripartite alliance the control which it now holds in the Senate. It is evidently Senator Sherman's opinion that that is not to be expected at the coming election. In this opinion most good judges will agree with him.

On the 15th of the present month the *Evening Post* published a special telegram from London saying that the *Financial News* of that city had branded as a forgery a certain article, widely circulated by the silverites in this country, purporting to be an extract from that paper of March 10. The *Financial News* itself of August 13 has now come to hand. At the head of the editorial page is the following paragraph:

"We have received numerous letters from American correspondents containing what purport to be editorials from the *Financial News*, and which have been reprinted in various Western papers as 'campaign literature.' One Omaha paper prints an article stating that it is 'from the London *Financial News* of March 10.' No such article was ever printed by us, and its whole tenor is directly opposed to the view we have taken of the effect of free silver in the United States. So far from advocating free silver coinage, we have persistently pointed out that it spells repudiation and the withdrawal of all European capital."

Since the publication of this denial a new edition of the forgery has been issued and circulated. At the bottom of the article are the words: "London papers have since been cautioned not to discuss American politics under date August 13." This date is evidently a reference to the *Financial News's* exposure of the forgery. Of course the forger gives no clue to his own identity.

The chemists have been holding an international congress of applied chemistry, at which M. Berthelot has declared that chemistry was creating "a new man and a new earth." What he means is, that we may look forward to a time when by chemical processes we shall not only greatly reduce the cost of production, but actually produce wheat, meat, etc., at such a very moderate expense that the cost of living will be reduced to almost nothing. Chemistry will render wholly unnecessary nine-tenths of the toil which is now wasted in enabling the earth to produce. This may seem all very well to chemists, but there is one person whom it will never deceive. The philosophical bimetallist knows that what the world is suffering from now is low prices of food, shelter, and clothing. They are ruining the poor man as it is; and yet the chemists would reduce prices to nothing if they could. Imagine an earth on which man could get everything he needs to sustain life for nothing at all! Where would prices be then? There would be no getting back to "where we were in '73." Even free coinage of copper would not save us.

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LORD RUSSELL'S ADDRESS.

NOTHING could be finer than the spirit that pervaded the address delivered by the Lord Chief Justice of England before the American Bar Association last week, and the address, according to all accounts, was received with unparalleled enthusiasm. Lord Russell spoke in the main as a lawyer to lawyers, considering the development of international law, its fundamental conceptions, and the possibility of extending its scope in certain important respects. But it was as a representative Englishman speaking to representatives of a people largely English by descent, and even more largely English in institutions, that he was most attentively and sympathetically listened to. It is but a few months since the Venezuelan dispute subjected the relations between the new country and the old to a terrible strain, and the thought of this could not have been absent from the mind of the audience or of the orator. With excellent taste, however, Lord Russell avoided all direct reference to this painful episode, while indicating, by the almost pathetic earnestness of his utterances, the supreme importance to the happiness of mankind of the subject which he was presenting.

It is hard to say whether Lord Russell was more graceful in his complimentary mention of the contributions to international law made by American lawyers and statesmen, or in his references to the deficiencies in the practical application of the principles of morality, which have been a reproach to this nation as well as to others. We may take pride in the names of Story, Kent, Marshall, Wheaton, Dana, Woolsey, and Wharton. We may feel satisfaction in the thought that our Government has defended the rights of neutrals, and that by its action these rights have come to be at once defined and enlarged. We may accept as not exaggerated Lord Russell's statement that "to the United States—to its judges, writers, and statesmen—we largely owe the existing rules which relate to a state of peace, and which affect the rights and obligations of powers which, during a state of war, are themselves at peace." We may accept as an excuse for our refusal to agree to the prohibition of privateering our profession of willingness to abandon the practice if more complete immunity of private property in time of war were secured. And we may especially take pleasure in the reflection that, of the sixty instances of effective international arbitration since 1815, the United States has been a party to thirty-two. Yet when we think of our Mexican and Indian wars we must admit that we need not be too boastful of our civilization.

For, as Lord Russell eloquently declared, civilization is not dominion, wealth, luxury; not even a great literature and widespread education:

"Its true signs are thought for the poor and suffering, chivalrous regard and respect for woman, the frank recognition of human brotherhood, irrespective of race or color or nation or religion, the narrowing of the domain of mere force as a governing factor in the world, the love of ordered freedom, abhorrence of what is mean and cruel and vile, ceaseless devotion to the claims of justice. Civilization in that, its true, its highest, sense must make for peace."

For the extension of civilization in this sense surely the two great divisions of the English-speaking world can work together. "No cause they espouse can fail; no cause they oppose can triumph. The future is in large part theirs. The greatest calamity that could befall would be strife which should divide them."

Lord Russell's review of the progress that has been made towards international arbitration is very impressive. Although there have been attempts in this direction almost from the beginning of history, it is hardly a quarter of a century since these attempts have attained significant proportions. Within that period a number of influential organizations have been formed, whose members, as Lord Russell reminds us, are not vain idealists, but men of the world. They do not claim to be regenerators of mankind, nor do they promise the millennium, "but they are doing honest and useful work in making straighter and less difficult the path of intelligent progress." It has already become a common practice to introduce arbitration clauses into treaties, and in a number of cases the principle has been carried so far as to extend the agreement for arbitration to all questions in difference whatsoever.

It is true, as the Chief Justice points out, that there are limits to the application of the principle of arbitration. Theoretically every state is sovereign—otherwise it is not a state. But practically nothing is more common than the coercion of one state by a number of others; not by violence, but by diplomatic pressure. Indeed, when we consider it, why should not the principle of arbitration be as valid as any existing rule of international law? No nation ventures to defy the public opinion of mankind as expressed in what we call the law of nations; if this public opinion were to insist that the principle of arbitration should be incorporated in the law of nations, it would unquestionably be respected. Lord Russell maintains that arbitration will not cover the whole field of international controversy; "men do not arbitrate where character is at stake, nor will any self-respecting nation readily arbitrate on questions touching its national independence or affecting its honor." But do not men arbitrate where their honor is involved? Will litigation help them to save their characters any better than arbitration? And what nation whose independence is in danger would not be safer in invoking the justice of mankind than in calling on the god of battles? We may say flatly that the independence of no great nation now existing is in danger, and that it can be in danger only at the close of an exhausting war, when arbitration would be to its advantage and in the interest of the peace of mankind. No state, not of the front rank, but would find its honor and independence better protected by the public opinion of the great family of states than by its own military levies. What preserves the autonomy, the sovereignty of Holland, of Belgium, of Greece, of Switzerland, of Denmark, of Rumania, even of Italy? Not its own material force in any case, but the moral force of the public sentiment of Europe. As Lord Russell suggests, there may yet be a formal league of the great powers to coerce recalcitrant members of the family of nations, and meanwhile the silent forces operating in favor of peace and justice are growing and multiplying throughout the world.

THE MAIN QUESTION.

THE editors of newspapers are overwhelmed with inquiries concerning this, that, and the other aspect of our present financial problems, and concerning economic history in general. It would be ungracious to deny that many of these inquiries are made by intelligent men, and show an intelligent comprehension of the nature of the crisis through which we are passing. Nor ought any one to deprecate the acquisition of knowledge in this way, whether it be monetary science concerning which curiosity is aroused or any other subject. Especially in political matters, we are all necessarily being educated, and our form of government is such as to make the proper exercise of the suffrage a matter of conscience. Hence our journals generally welcome discussion, and cheerfully undertake to satisfy every correspondent who sincerely asks for information.

Nevertheless it is quite evident that a great many people are spending their time in inquiries that are practically irrelevant. We are confronted with a comparatively simple problem, the question whether this Government shall permit any one that owns any silver to take it to the mint and have that quantity of it which the owner can now sell for only 53 cents in the market stamped with the dollar mark. Of course, there are a thousand collateral inquiries bearing more or less directly on this main question. Some persons do not understand the difference between the effects of free coinage and restricted coinage. Some do not know that we have at present the gold standard. Some wish to be assured that the demonetization of silver in 1873 was a just measure. Some require proof that silver has depreciated and that gold has not appreciated. Some question whether we are not suffering from a lack of money. Some wish to know whether a rise of prices does not stimulate industry, and whether the increased use of money fol-

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lowing increased trade would not bring silver dollars to a par with gold. Many are perplexed by the inconsistencies, real or fancied, in the arguments on both sides, and the question, How do you explain this? or, How will you answer that? may be heard on every side.

But, as we have urged and must continue to urge, what we are confronted with is a practical measure with very pronounced moral and economical bearings. We may concede, for the purposes of argument, that gold has appreciated in value, and that a mistake, or even a crime, was committed in demonetizing silver in 1873. We may admit that rising prices stimulate trade, with its corollary that prices must be kept rising perpetually or trade will collapse. We may even go so far as to grant that laborers get better wages when prices are high, although we know of no facts to prove it and many to disprove it. We may go to the extreme length of admitting that an act of Congress can raise the value of an ounce of silver the world over from 70 cents to 129 cents in gold. Or we may even allow that our Congressmen can put up the value of silver here, by free coinage, while it remains the same as it is now in India and China, if any one chooses to advance that proposition. But, having made all these concessions, the true issue would remain unaffected. For no one can deny that the possibility of free silver coinage has already occasioned very great losses to many poor people who are innocent of the crime of 1873, or of any responsibility for the gold standard. They had been earning wages before the present agitation began, and now their wages have ceased. They had been doing business, and now find there is no business to do. Others had owned securities, and they have been forced or frightened into selling them at a loss. No one in his senses can honestly maintain that employers are discharging workmen because they are afraid the present standard of value will be maintained. They are doing it because they fear it will not be maintained. That is what they all say, and that is what the facts prove. Nor can any one assert that he knows any creditor, rich or poor, who wants to be paid in the future silver dollars instead of dollars of the present standard. And this being so, it appears to us that people who know nothing at all about standards of value, or prices, or monetary science in general, are perfectly competent to determine what is their present duty.

Men are often heard to say that the more they read and talk about this silver controversy the less they understand it. Then let them cease worrying about it and reading about it. Let them ask themselves whether, leaving silver out of consideration, it has an honest look for Congress to ordain that any article that now sells for 50 cents shall sell for a dollar. We know that they will be assured that the fiat of Congress can make the article worth a dollar, but there is nothing but assertion offered to support this claim; and, on the other hand, a very large number of our people, very probably a majority of them, feel that they would be defrauded by such a legislative fiat. If it is not probable, is it not at least possible, that their fears are well grounded and that they will be defrauded? Does it recommend itself as just and wise and honorable to any fair-minded man to vote for legislation that will probably, or even possibly, defraud a very large number of people of a particularly defenceless class? Can he imagine any way in which the losses suffered by these people can be repaired in case the claims of the free-coinage advocates are mistaken? And is he ready to take the responsibility, the awful responsibility, of doing what is in his power to commit our Government to an experiment which may possibly, and which it is believed by a very large proportion of the best-educated and most conscientious members of the community will certainly, bring shame on our country, create panic among the wealthy, and spread poverty among the poor?

There was a time in New England when eternal salvation was made to depend on the correct answer to a number of difficult if not incomprehensible metaphysical propositions. Many of these have been since generally abandoned as erroneous, and we have come now to believe that a man who sincerely tries to live a pure and upright life may safely trust his salvation to the grace of the Almighty, even if he cannot understand the Westminster catechism. The common sense that has come to prevail concerning eternal salvation may properly be called on to display itself in the solution of our financial problems. Instead of puzzling over ratios and values and appreciation and depreciation, let people ask themselves and ask others which side in the present contest stands most clearly for national honor and good faith, and for honest and just dealing between man and man. There is plenty of sophistry to be heard on both sides, we admit; but with this simple touchstone the voter who sincerely desires to do what is right will not find it difficult to select the true course.

THE FALL IN PRICES.

MR. BRYAN made a speech on Saturday at a small town in Dutchess County in the course of which he said:

"If two men speak against our position, one of them will probably say that there has been no *fall* in prices, and he will denounce the people who are complaining that gold has risen in price; and after he has proven that to the satisfaction of every man who does not think, then his colleague will tell you that not only have prices fallen, but that it is the greatest blessing in the world to have prices fall. Now, these two are not consistent, but it follows all the way through. Why is it?"

That is a dishonest statement, as Mr. Bryan knows very well. It has not been denied that the prices of some things have fallen since 1873. It has not been denied that more have fallen than have risen or remained stationary. It is denied that all prices have fallen, and it is affirmed that the decline of those which have fallen can in every single instance be traced to and explained by known conditions affecting the production and transportation of those particular articles.

For example, the price of white paper has fallen. Why? Because formerly it was made exclusively from cotton and linen rags, of which the supply was limited. Somebody discovered a process of converting rye straw into paper pulp, thus enlarging the supply of raw material. Then somebody invented a process of converting wood into paper pulp by machinery. Then somebody else found a chemical process for doing the same thing. Then improvements of these processes were made from time to time, constantly cheapening the production. All the steps which have lessened the cost of paper can be pointed out seriatim and have been pointed out repeatedly. But philosophers of the Bryan school tell us that it is all due to a scarcity of gold. They do not single out paper, or steel rails, or any other specified articles, but they lump them all together and discountenance any particular examination of particular things.

Returning for a moment to Mr. Bryan's Dutchess County speech, he says that of any two men opposed to his view of this question, one will probably say that "there has been no fall of prices," and the other will say that they have fallen and that the fall of prices is the greatest blessing in the world. We have kept a pretty close watch on this debate during the past fifteen or twenty years, and we have never seen or heard of one speech, or newspaper article, or publication of any kind, that has affirmed that "there has been no fall of prices." We defy Mr. Bryan to point out one such speech, article, or publication. What has been said and proved frequently is, that there has been no fall in prices that cannot be explained independently of the annual production of gold or the existing supply of gold. This is perfectly well known to Mr. Bryan. Consequently the statement which he made on Saturday was a dishonest statement.

We have frequently adverted to Mr. Wells's book published in 1890 entitled 'Recent Economic Changes,' in which the causes of the decline of all the leading staples of commerce which have declined are set forth with great exactness. This examination included the statistics of the area of land devoted to the cultivation of wheat and cotton, and the quantities produced in all the countries from which statistics could be obtained, together with the progress of railway building and other means of cheap transportation that have been introduced since

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1873. All the silverites fight shy of Wells's details. Lately Gen. Walker has deigned to pronounce his (Wells's) argument "monstrous and absurd." Prof. Farnam, in the last number of the *Yale Review*, says and shows that "those epithets would apply more appropriately to the arguments by which Gen. Walker justifies them." As Mr. Wells's book is easily accessible, we need not go into details.

A year or two before Mr. Wells's book was written, Prof. J. Laurence Laughlin, then of Harvard, now of Chicago University, published a very searching review of the same question. He first collected all the tables of average prices then available that had any repute among statisticians, including those of Jevons, Soetbeer, Sauerbeck, Palgrave, Mulhall, and the London *Economist*, and, after subjecting them to a critical examination, he gave his reasons for thinking that the Hamburg tables of Soetbeer were the best and most trustworthy. Well, these tables showed that, taking the year 1850 for a starting-point represented by the figure 100, prices had risen in 1873 to 138 and had declined in 1885 to 108. Now the year 1850 was a bimetallic year. It was more than twenty years before "the crime of 1873" was committed. All the virtues of silver money were in full force at that time. Yet prices were higher by 8 per cent. in 1885 than they were in 1850.

Another fact brought out by Prof. Laughlin has been generally overlooked, viz., that the year 1873 was the culmination of a speculative period of almost world-wide extent. All such periods are marked by a general eagerness to buy property of every kind with the expectation of selling it at a higher price. The competition of buyers in the market is what puts up prices. This competition was going on at a furious rate from the close of the civil war to 1873. It was especially active from 1870 to 1873. The price-figure in Soetbeer's tables for 1870 was 122. It was pushed up by the speculative movement to 138 in 1873. Then the bubble burst, there was a competition among sellers, and prices fell to 117 in 1879. Then there was a recovery and a rise to 122 in 1883, when another reaction came, not so disastrous or widespread as that of 1873, but sufficiently marked to leave its impress on business. Prices fell to 108 in 1885.

Another thing shown by the Hamburg tables was that prices were not all moving in the same direction. "I have collected twenty-one articles," says Prof. Laughlin, "out of the one hundred quoted at Hamburg which show an upward tendency by comparing the average prices of 1881-'5 with those of 1871-'5." These articles were malt, buckwheat, hops, veal, mutton, pork, butter, bristles, buffalo horns, herring, dried fish, almonds, wine, champagne, cocoa, pepper, allspice, rum, ivory, flax, and India rubber. Mulhall's tables of London prices showed an additional list of articles which had either risen in price or remained stationary, including barley, beef, beer, brandy, cigars, cheese, currants, eggs, gloves, leather, oats, oxen, raisins, and silk. Some of these articles may have risen and some may have fallen since these tables were prepared. It has been proved that corn, the chief agricultural product of this country, has not declined in price since 1873, if we consider its price at the place of production. It has fallen at the seaboard markets by reason of the decline in the cost of transportation and in proportion to that decline. That is the reason why "Coin" and the other falsifiers of his financial school always take the seaboard prices for the purpose of comparison. The article of most importance, however, that has not declined in price since 1873 is labor. The man who works with his hands gets more value, more commodities, now than he did then or ever before in this country.

MR. BRYAN AND FIAT MONEY.

DOUBTLESS there are many sincere believers in bimetallism who think that the free coinage of silver by our Government would not cause prices to rise, but only prevent them from falling. Some probably reconcile it with their consciences to hold that free coinage would cause a rise of prices, but that, after rising to a certain unknown height, they would remain permanently at that level. Such persons object to being classed with the Populists and feel aggrieved at being charged with favoring inflation. But if they are supporting Mr. Bryan with any idea that his views are the same as their own, they are committing a very serious mistake. Mr. Bryan favors the free coinage of silver, but he favors it only incidentally. He believes that the Government should issue all money, and that when the people demand it, it should issue irredeemable paper money. He is not proclaiming this belief openly, now and here. It would not be well received in this part of the country, and he has told us here that a free-coinage act passed by our Congress would double the value of silver all over the world. But he has professed this belief publicly and deliberately, and has suggested particular measures for its practical application. In order that his position may be clearly understood by those who are disposed to vote for him, we shall present that position as he has himself defined it.

In the first place, he has emphatically declared that he favors irredeemable paper rather than our present money. He, of course, after the manner of his kind, assumes that he stands for "the people," but as the people may take a different view of the assumption, we shall assume that when Mr. Bryan says the people demand a certain thing, he means that he believes in it. He admits that he hesitates "to see any legislative body exercise the power to issue irredeemable paper and fix the volume thereof." But he hesitates because he remembers "how the creditor has overreached the debtor in the financial legislation of the last thirty years," and "how great moneyed interests, acting as a unit, have secured legislation against the unorganized masses." Hence he will not insist on irredeemable paper "unless the pretended friends of a 'sound currency' make it necessary by the complete demonetization of silver as a standard money." But as silver has long been demonetized as a standard money, this being the chief complaint of the free-silver party, Mr. Bryan must be now ready for fiat money. He says "the choice may be avoided for the present [*sic*] by the full and immediate restoration of silver to its place as a coördinate part of the money of the world." But if the time comes "that the people must choose between a constantly appreciating metallic money and an irredeemable paper money which gives a hope of relief, they will choose the latter system, with all its defects and dangers." Mr. Bryan says that we have now a constantly appreciating metallic money in gold. He tells us that if we coin silver freely it will appreciate to $1.29 an ounce. Our readers can draw their own inferences from these statements.

Holding these views concerning fiat money, Mr. Bryan would, of course, have "the people" forbid the making of contracts payable in any "particular kind of money." He holds that the Government has an undoubted right "to prohibit special contracts in money." He rejects the notion of the "right of private contract," because it enables the creditor to oppress the debtor. The debtor being under duress, "it is not freedom of contract, but freedom to extort." This restraint of the cupidity of men that possess capital by legal-tender acts and stay-laws Mr. Bryan compares with inserting rings in the snouts of hogs. The people, therefore, are to issue irredeemable paper as money, and to forbid any one to contract to receive or pay out anything else. The greenback, Mr. Bryan admits, was at a discount during the war, but that was because the Government would not receive it in the payment of duties. By driving gold and silver out of use among mankind, fiat money could be maintained, we suppose, at a parity with itself.

Having shown that the people should issue all money and prohibit the use of anything except what they issue as money, Mr. Bryan proceeds to explain how this money is to be distributed. We venture to say that if he would now repeat in his speeches what he said on the floor of Congress, he would gratify a very deep and anxious curiosity on the part of many of his hearers. He cannot quite adopt the "sub-treasury plan" of the Farmers' Alliance, but he thinks it is quite as good a plan as our national-bank system. "If

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it is safe to issue on bonds at par or up to 90 per cent. of their face, it would certainly be safe to issue on other kinds of property up to 50 per cent., or 25 per cent., or at least to 10 per cent. of their market value." Mr. Bryan does not really condemn the Populist scheme of having the Government issue money "based" on land or wheat to the owners thereof. Of course, if "the people" demand it, Mr. Bryan is not the man to refuse them; but he assures them that there are better ways of getting the money into their pockets, "plans more just and equitable than that of loaning." This "loaning" has an offensive sound; it suggests the disagreeable thought of repayment, and Mr. Bryan's more just and equitable plan connotes nothing so repulsive. Every Populist should welcome it with delight as an improvement on any plan yet proposed.

For what Mr. Bryan offers as a financial system to be adopted by a great commercial country is simply the undertaking of vast public works by the general Government for the purpose of distributing irredeemable paper money among the people. "Government paper can be issued to pay for special improvements which Congress may deem desirable. Harbors can be deepened and rivers can be improved in this way." Mr. Bryan himself introduced a bill to issue $70,000,000 in greenbacks to be used in constructing the Nicaragua Canal. This he regarded as much better than issuing bonds, because the people have to pay interest on bonds; and as to any trouble about redeeming the greenbacks—pshaw! Let the Government exercise its option of paying coin obligations in silver, and we shall have no more trouble with the reserve. The remainder of this "more just and equitable plan" we give in Mr. Bryan's words:

"We can, by the issue of a few millions a year, construct a ship canal from Buffalo to the Hudson River, and thus give to the grain of the Northwest ocean rates from Chicago and Duluth to Liverpool, not to speak of the military advantage of such a canal. We might, by the issue of a few millions a year, connect the Mississippi River with Lake Michigan, and thereby increase the commerce between the Northwest and the South."

"Money could be issued in another way. We can use any available coin on hand to take up matured bonds and replace the coin so used with paper money. I have introduced a bill during this Congress to provide in this way for the payment of the two per cent. bonds now outstanding, payable at the option of the Government and amounting to about $25,000,000. These methods are suggested as legitimate means of distributing Government issues without resorting to money-loaning or to the use of banks. Government paper should be issued in the place of national banknotes as they are retired."

All the foregoing quotations from Mr. Bryan are taken from his speech in the House June 5, 1894, beginning at page 5,808 of the *Congressional Record*.

JOHANNA AMBROSIUS: A LYRIC SUDERMANN.

CAMBRIDGE, August 18, 1896.

UNTIL within a year and a half ago the name of Johanna Ambrosius was not known outside of the little East Prussian village where she herself, as the wife of a poor peasant, led a humble and monotonous existence. To-day her poems have passed through the twenty-seventh edition,* and she is hailed throughout Germany as a lyric genius destined to play an important part in the literary revival which has been so brilliantly initiated by the dramatic achievements of Sudermann and his associates. What is it that has given this simple peasant woman, whose intellectual resources until very recently were confined to a few back volumes of the *Gartenlaube*, such an extraordinary hold on the national heart? What is it that has raised her at one stroke far above the host of clever and refined singers who, during the last thirty years, have re-echoed the melodies of the great masters?

The secret, I think, lies in this, that in Johanna Ambrosius there has arisen a new voice in the struggle for the emancipation of the German woman. Whatever one may think of this movement, it would be folly to deny either its volume or its strength. It is naturally strongest in socialistic circles; indeed, the Social-Democratic party is thus far the only political organization which has allowed women a considerable share in its meetings and deliberations. But the influence of the woman movement is by no means confined to Socialist gatherings. It pervades the air, it is felt in the family, it agitates the universities, it has entered the drawing-rooms, it has deeply affected the novel and the drama; everywhere we notice as one of the leading forces of the day the striving of woman for a fuller and more complete individuality. If this were not so, such a figure as Sudermann's *Magda* could not have been created.

There is a good deal of family likeness between the heroine of "Heimat" and Johanna Ambrosius. The circumstances are different, the abiding traits of character are the same: in Sudermann's drama, an impetuous, unruly girl, who, craving for a fuller life than that afforded by "respectable" society, falls a prey to sin, and through sin rises to the level of her true self; in the East-Prussian peasant home which has been and still is the scene of Johanna Ambrosius's life, the agonies and struggles of a woman who, harboring in herself a world of passion, longing, and ideal striving, is smothered by the hard facts of actual starvation, degrading toil, and absolute intellectual loneliness—until at last the long repressed despair breaks forth with volcanic power, shakes the very foundations of this life, and lifts it into a higher sphere.

Of Johanna's mental development her sister, who, it seems, has been the only one to stand faithfully by her in all these gloomy struggles, has given a sympathetic sketch, from which a passage relating to the years of girlish maturity and early married life may here be quoted:

"Even in those early days," she says, "we both felt how alone we stood in our village surroundings. Our souls began to retire within themselves; the longing for freedom, for light, for life became irresistible. Johanna had outgrown the obedience demanded by her parents, but oppressive to body and soul; her own will often manifested itself; and, half following her will, half submitting to the force of circumstances, she entered service in the house of strangers. Perhaps she hoped to find outside of her family what her soul craved. She soon returned home, and, in order to find freedom, as she thought, she accepted the hand of a simple, but good and honest, peasant lad. By the side of the man of her choice Johanna went with eyes open into poverty and hardest toil. Proud and uncomplaining, she bore the self-chosen fate until she lay broken on the ground. The whole misery of a life wrestling in vain for food had seized upon her. Out of the night of these boundless sufferings there rose—the poet."

It would be indelicate to pry into the details of the family tragedy which these words half disclose and half conceal. Some German literary periodicals have already given too much publicity to them. From the merely personal point of view, it might even seem as though too much sympathy had been accorded to Johanna herself, and too little to the "simple but good and honest peasant" whose fate, by the side of this fiery, soaring idealist, appears pathetic in the extreme. What makes Johanna Ambrosius such a remarkable, nay, inspiring, figure in the modern woman movement, is the fact that her own sufferings, instead of embittering her, have opened her heart to the woe of all her fellow-sufferers, that her own struggles have made her a leader in the universal struggle for a fuller humanity.

The most striking note of her poetry, to be sure, is one of passionate longing for a happiness which she knows can never be hers. She fairly revels in the maddening consciousness of being for ever shut out from life's best gifts—peace of soul and intellectual companionship. She consumes herself in the thought of what might have been. There was a time when her heart swelled with hope, when the *fata morgana* of love conjured up before her a world of bliss and beauty. But all that is now for ever destroyed, and all is dark. "Ah, bind my hands with iron chains, lest they draw a beloved head to my bosom! Wall in my heart and close it fast, lest the flames of love blaze forth from its windows! Make me deaf, make me blind, lest I see happiness! Oh miserable, God-forsaken child that I am!" She sits at dusk by the hearth, and gazes into the flickering fire as it dances up and down before her eyes, for a moment bringing back the color of youth to her cheeks, awakening in her the glow of long-suppressed passion and desire, and then quickly dying away—oh that the raging fire within might consume itself as quickly! She consecrates her songs to Pain, her best and inseparable friend. He stands before her threshold with drawn sword, and wards off whoever might disturb them; only his sister Sorrow he at times invites to keep them company:

"Nur manchmal ladet er zu Gaste
Sich seine Schwester Leid,
Die bleibt dann lang bei uns zu Raste,
Und näht für mich ein Kleid."

She cries out to God to make an end of it; to deliver her at last from ever pressing the wounded breast against the rocks, from lying bound without being allowed to rest her head; to take from her the glowing chains which with hellish fire are burning deep into her heart.

Whatever she sees about her assumes the melancholy hue of her own darkened existence. She tells of how "Mariechen, süsses Mariechen mein," the fairest girl in the village, is plunged into misery by the old witch Care; how the happiness of her young married life is poisoned by want; how, embittered and hardened by his and his children's hunger, the same man who had loved her so fervently turns away from her, and at last raises his arm to strike her:

"Der Schlag traf gut, nun noch ein Hieb:
Ade, Du Glück, gebaut auf Lieb!
Die alte Hex' Sorg' in die Faust sich lacht,
Und schleicht sich weiter durch Nebel und Nacht.
Was wimmert so schmerzlich im Sternenschein?
Ach Mariechen, süsses Mariechen mein!"

*An English translation, by Mary J. Safford, is announced by Roberts Bros., Boston.

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She describes a peaceful farmhouse enclosed by wheat-fields. Its white gable blinks cheerfully through a cluster of hemlocks; like a column of frankincense, the smoke rises from the thatched roof and loses itself in the evening red; the spring water gently trickles over the mossy stones of the well; the doves are cooing in their cotes, swallows are chasing through the air, a cat lies sleepy on the threshold. But where is the housewife, where the farm hands? From the fields she comes, with her child. Cold as marble is her face, her forehead overshadowed with grief. Shyly she gathers the broken pots and glasses strewn about in the yard. Has a storm raged here? Has some evil spirit entered? In the arbor lies the husband by the side of his bottle.

With all this gloom, the poetry of Johanna Ambrosius as a whole is far from having a discouraging or depressing effect. There is nothing enervating, nothing disintegrating in it. While often reminding us of Heine's truthfulness and simplicity, this woman has nothing of Heine's scepticism. Even in her saddest moods we recognize a bravely struggling soul, a character faithful to itself, a heart embracing all mankind. Her woes have sanctified her; they have strengthened her trust in the final victory of goodness and right; they have fanned in her a burning desire to help, to comfort, to inspire. And although the range of her thought is narrow, she compensates us for this by a freshness of feeling which gives even the oldest truths the stamp of a new acquisition. It is indeed touching to hear this daughter of the people speak of the exalted mission of the poet: "Through sleepless nights in the throes of creation he moans for the lost Paradise; he weeps for all men, he bears the burden of all mankind; he dyes the roses with his heart's blood, he bleaches the lilies with his tears; his poems are sighs, they are prayers offered up to God from the depth of his soul for the sake of a suffering world.—Oh bear them lovingly in your hearts, like your own children! You know not from what pains they have been born." And who could help being moved by that "Last Song" which this peasant woman would fain sing, a song which shall be wafted through the world like a gentle breeze of May, which shall bring refreshment to the dying, which shall calm all pain and encourage all good fighters, and which at last shall swell into a raging gale and drive the serpent Sin back into the sea? When this song shall be accomplished, the singer herself will break her lyre and sing no more; in the forest would she be buried, and none should know who conceived the song:

"Im Wald müsst ihr verscharren
Mich heimlich unterm Tann,
Und Niemand sollt' erfahren
Wer dieses Lied ersann."

It will be of interest to see how Johanna Ambrosius will bear the popularity which has so suddenly come to her and the honors which have been so profusely showered upon her. She seems great enough to justify the hope that recognition will bring out in her the joyous rather than the commonplace.

KUNO FRANCKE.

SIR JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS.

LONDON, August 14, 1896.

WITH Sir John E. Millais the Royal Academy has lost the only President of distinction as an artist whom it has had the honor to claim since the days of Sir Joshua Reynolds, its founder. When there was question of Millais's election, but little more than half a year ago, many feared his health might hinder him from accepting the new dignity, for it was known then that the disease from which he suffered was fatal, and that his active services must be limited to several months at the utmost. But there were few, within or without the Academical ranks, to regret the choice or his acceptance. It was felt that so long as he still was living, no one could well be chosen before the man who was at once the most distinguished and most popular among English painters.

Perhaps with his fellow-Academicians his popularity was his chief recommendation. But by all those whose interest is in a man's art rather than his social virtues it could not be forgotten that he was a great artist, even though in later years he had produced a mass of work which appealed mainly to the British public. It is curious, now every Academical reward has been heaped upon him, to remember that he began his career as a rebel to the very Academy over which he was afterward to preside. But this rebellion was, in a way, a forecast of the prosperity which was to follow. For that matter, Millais may be said to have been prosperous from the beginning. Two inevitable anecdotes told of him record his first success, at the age of five (he was born in 1829), with some French officers stationed at Dinard, he startling them with the cleverness of his childish sketches; and his second, at the age of nine, when Sir Martin Archer Shee, at the time President of the Academy, gave his official approval to the boy's training, not as the sweep he had at first suggested, but as an artist. Good luck went with Millais to the schools, both private and Academical: it seemed as if he had but to stretch out his hands for all possible prizes to fall into them. And he was as yet merely a youth, barely twenty, when he suddenly sprang into notoriety, and his name became a by-word in the mouth of English artists and critics and students; for it was then that he and Rossetti and Holman Hunt joined together to form the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, and create a greater excitement than had ever startled English schools and studios. Of that much-discussed association it is not my intention to give the story here. The main facts are too well known and have been the inspiration of too much "copy" to be in need of repetition. The Pre-Raphaelites were rebels — rebels against Academic convention and tradition; and rebels, moreover, as eager to make their disaffection public as those youths of the Cénacle who, twenty years before, had led the famous fight in the Théâtre-Français. For the Brotherhood, rebellion had that element of worldly success which Millais seems ever to have carried with him through life. Most students could have their pictures rejected or skied at the Academy, and never a soul the wiser for their disappointment. But whatever neglect or insult was offered to the work of the Pre-Raphaelites was always sure in the end to prove the kindest of advertisements. Better, after all, to have one's painting called an atrocity, or abomination, or any other hard name, than to have absolutely nothing said about it.

I do not mean by this to pretend that the three youths who dared public opinion by venturing to paint in their own fashion rather than after Academic formulas were merely posing, in the fashion of the little groups of would-be innovators who have posed since. They were immensely in earnest, as, indeed, all young men who have anything in them must be. But, nevertheless, if their admirers were awed chiefly by the nobility of their principles, the chances are that they themselves were not indifferent to the fact that, thanks to their own independence and Mr. Ruskin's gallant championship, they had become three of the most talked-about men in England. Millais had made a name when most painters are still struggling through the schools.

That he threw in his fortunes with Rossetti and Holman Hunt is not as strange as may appear now in the light of later events. He was essentially an artist, and, differ as they might on many points, he still had far more in common with them, willing as they were at all hazards to assert their individuality, than with the fashionable Elmores and Pickersgills, Creswicks and Lees, who kept on turning out the old exhausted banalities according to the most respectable official recipes. Indeed, art had sunk to such a depth that to have painted as an artist paints, even if one had not called it Pre-Raphaelitism, must then have meant to inaugurate a revolution. Of the three, Millais was the only one who had really mastered his trade, and he had nothing to learn from the Brotherhood. The others influenced him in the choice of subjects, no doubt; it was Rossetti, the poet, who found for him his "Isabella," his "Mariana"; it was Holman Hunt, the preacher, who sent him into the "Carpenter's Shop" to paint the Child Christ. In another way, however, they were more useful to him. Had he not identified himself with them, he would have missed the severe and excellent training his few years as a Pre-Raphaelite gave him. For part of the Pre-Raphaelite creed was inexorable respect for detail—a respect which eventually was to permit the freedom held to be a crime at the first stage of their apprenticeship. Millais was endowed naturally with a facility that proved fatal enough when he began to care more for the quantity than the quality of his work. Nothing, therefore, could have served him to better purpose than the restraint put upon him by the creed he had accepted. He was kept within bounds, his habit of observation was developed, his knowledge of form cultivated. And he was too much an artist to sacrifice beauty to detail with Holman Hunt, or drawing to symbolism with Rossetti. The little "Mariana" is a picture jewel-like in the splendor of color, though worked out with a minuteness that would not have discredited a Mabuse or a Van Eyck. The "Isabella" has a certain decorative harmony for all its naïve conscientiousness in the presentment of every trivial fact; while in the "Ophelia," his masterpiece, the infinite intricacy of the foliage along the banks, of the ripples on the water, of the flowers trailing from the hands and hair of the floating figure, are so well subordinated that you see only the solemn beauty of the landscape and of the white, upturned face, lovely in death. The poetry is not only in the subject and its associations, but in the painter's treatment. This really is the supreme achievement of Pre-Raphaelitism. Millais himself in his Pre-Raphaelite days painted other memorable pictures—"The Huguenots," "The Order of Release," "The Proscribed Royalist"—but none that could surpass the "Ophelia," one of the few canvases that should reconcile the nation to Mr. Tate's gift of his collection and the gallery which is soon to play the part of English Luxembourg.

That, in the course of time, the Pre-Raphaelites should separate was inevitable. The

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three leaders of the movement had little but that first outburst of youthful enthusiasm to hold them together, and, soon enough, each went his way: Rossetti into the retirement that became a mystic; Holman Hunt to the Holy Land to study Scriptural color on the spot; Millais straight, one might say, into the arms of the Academy, to which he was elected an Associate (1853), as if he had never painted his protest against it. However, there could have been no escape for him. In youth, as in maturity, he was the "genial good fellow" all the papers are now busy calling him, unfitted by temperament for the rôle either of rebel or recluse. In other centuries, a painter as great, as prosperous, as active would have been invited to court—like Holbein, like Titian, like a host of others; or sent on embassies—like Rubens; or made a dignitary of state—like Velasquez; and the honors conferred upon him would have been so many incentives to further effort and finer accomplishment. But in the England of this century the artist who would achieve social success, who would continue in evidence, has but one alternative, and that is, to cater to a public notorious for caring and knowing less about art than any public elsewhere, and, in thus catering, to coarsen and degrade his art. This is why so few painters hitherto have been able, once in the Academy, to fulfil whatever promise their talent held out before election. Millais, strong as he was, could not but be affected by the demands that his new position made upon him. Not that his work showed the results immediately. He painted many good pictures after his election—"The Vale of Rest," "Sir Isumbras," for instance; many good portraits—"Hearts are Trumps," in which he was not afraid to challenge comparison with Reynolds; "Mrs. Bischoffsheim," with a somewhat chastened Pre-Raphaelitic love of detail in the rendering of the elaborate gown. Besides, it was in the sixties, or thereabouts, that he produced some of those wonderful illustrations which alone would insure his fame.

Millais was not the least among the men who contributed to the pages of *Once a Week* and the *Cornhill*. He could lend loveliness to the hideous crinoline of the day, as you may see in his drawings for Trollope's 'Framley Parsonage'; he could add dignity and solemnity to the Scriptures, as his designs for the Parables will show: his Sower, an impressive figure, high on the rocky hillside, a dramatic silhouette against the sky; his Foolish Virgins in the wide voluminous skirts which, for him, were full of subtle grace; his Enemy Sowing Tares, vague, shadowy, awful, as he passes through the darkness of the night. These illustrations should be better known—probably will be before long, for already the collector has an eye on the books that contain them, and that have ceased to be sold for a song. And yet, it should be added, the very next drawing to his most masterly design, as likely as not, is found to be rubbish, for he could do as bad and as careless illustration as anybody.

Of his black-and-white work, good or bad, there is not overmuch. Paint was far more profitable, and the commercial instinct, as I think Mr. Holman Hunt has pointed out, had never been dormant in Millais; not even when, as a boy (in another familiar anecdote), he, the bursar of his class, collected so many pence for buns that the confectioner threw in an extra one for himself, and his lunch cost him nothing. What artist, so far as that goes, has not been commercial? Read Dürer's Journal, or Vasari's Lives, or Rossetti's Letters, if you are still burdened with superfluous illusions on this score. But the trouble was that Millais, to make his pictures sell, had to paint them to suit the patrons who came to the Academy to buy, and, gradually, he fell away from his own high standard. When an exhibition of his work was held in the Grosvenor Gallery, in 1885, it was almost tragic to trace the steady deterioration where one had the right to look for progress. "Bubbles," "Cherry Ripe," "Sweetest Eyes Were Ever Seen"—these were the things he produced in maturity; he who had painted the "Mariana" and "Ophelia" in his youth. The fault with a picture like "Bubbles" is not that it was appropriate to advertisement, as the stolid British critic seems to think; what artists objected to was that it was such a cheap, trashy piece of painting.

It will be kinder to his memory to forget the commonplace, the triviality, the sham prettiness to which he stooped. The worst of it was, his popularity increased in proportion as his art suffered. Honors and distinctions were poured upon him, and he was a man who revelled in honors and distinctions. He was made a full Academician (1863), a Trustee of the National Portrait Gallery (1881), a Baronet (1885). Recognition came as well from abroad. He was appointed Knight of the Legion of Honor (1878), an Associate of the Académie des Beaux-Arts (1882). And while Rossetti was allowed to die, neglected to the last by the Academy, while that institution remains blind to the existence of Holman Hunt, Millais, as crowning touch to a long and prosperous career, was elected its President, with the gratification of knowing that his election gave universal satisfaction—the multitude exulting in his prosperity, for which his title, his big house, his skill as sportsman, seemed so many securities; the few bearing in mind the great artist he had once been. Fortunately, posterity judges an artist by his strength, not his weakness; and certain it is that, though his later pictures might to his advantage perish with him, there are others which will stand the test of time triumphantly. N. N.

THE DISPUTED TIARA IN THE LOUVRE.

St.-Germain-en-Laye, August 8, 1896.

Seldom has public attention been roused as it is just now by a question of archæological criticism. The tiara of Saïtapharnes and the gorgeous necklace purchased together with it—*for the large sum of 200,000 francs*—have become a favorite topic of conversation. People talk about them, and judge them, who had never heard of the existence of Olbia, nor of the extension of Greek civilization to the northern shores of the Black Sea. Of course, as the daily papers have taken the matter in hand, much nonsense has already been printed about the tiara, and it is probable, the debate having only just begun, that we shall hear a great deal more of it.

I do not intend to enter now on a scientific discussion of the subject, which is going to be treated at length, in answer to M. Furtwaengler's article in *Cosmopolis* for August, by M. Héron de Villefosse in the same magazine, and by my brother Théodore in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts* for September. Many arguments, both pro and con, are scarcely to be understood without the help of illustrations. My aim is to state briefly the origin and history of the dispute, and to collate for the first time some information, derived from private sources, on the forgeries which are being manufactured in southern Russia. But, to avoid any misunderstanding, I wish to declare at the outset that I consider the tiara and necklace as perfectly genuine antiques. The contrary opinion, expressed by a man of such high achievements as M. Furtwaengler, is nothing but a colossal mistake, which is traceable to two causes: (1.) The German professor is well acquainted with the *fact* that forged antiquities are being made in Russia, but he has never *seen* any one of them, so that he entertains no precise idea as to the ability and scientific training of the forgers. (2.) He believes, and has made many people believe, that the greater number of the golden objects found in southern Russia belong to the fourth and fifth century B. C., so that he cannot admit the authenticity of an analogous find which betrays distinctly a much later date. The fact is, that the discovery of the tiara of Saïtapharnes gives the death-blow to much that has been written by M. Furtwaengler in his famous 'Winckelmannsprogramm' on the golden fish found at Vettersfelde. The chronology of the discoveries made in southern Russia, and probably also that of the local fabrications of pottery, bronze, etc., must now be entirely revised. M. Furtwaengler had better set to work on that important subject than lose his time in arguing the falsity of the tiara. But now to our own *historique* of the debate.

In the spring of 1893, being at Odessa, I was much surprised to find that the little museum of that town, as well as some private collections, contained a large number of jewels, golden vases, etc., which were evident forgeries by unskilled hands. A dealer in antiquities, M. Lemmé, told me that there existed, in the hamlets near the site of Olbia, a whole manufacture of forgeries, not only in gold and in terra-cotta, but in marble. I had already noted, in the Museum of Odessa, some Greek inscriptions, engraved on marble slabs, wherein the ordinary formulas of epigraphy were absurdly blundered; M. Lemmé and Prof. Uspenski showed me a few others, in their possession, the falsity of which was beyond question. I learned that an inscription numbering about 600 letters had been sold to a gentleman named Surutchan, who was making a collection at Kishinev. That inscription has happily remained inedited, but in the pamphlet on the Surutchan collection recently published by Prof. Latysheff there are a good many suspicious inscriptions, similar in character to those I saw in Odessa. On returning home, I published a note on the subject in the *Chronique des Arts* (1894, p. 53) and also mentioned it in the *Revue Archéologique*.

Almost at the same time the late Aug. Geffroy, then director of the French School in Rome, wrote to the French Academy, announcing that Count Tyskievitch, a well-known Russian amateur living in Italy, had bought a magnificent collection of gold and silver objects discovered in a tumulus near Olbia. The most important piece was a large silver dish, with reliefs *en repoussé*, relating to the Eleusinian mysteries (*Comptes Rendus de l'Académie des Inscriptions*, 1894, pp. 30–32). In fact, Count Tyskievitch had really purchased these things from a Russian gentleman who had just arrived in Rome, and letters from archæologists, asking for information about them, were already pouring in at his address. One day he received a visit from his friend Count Gregory Stroganoff, the possessor of a marvellous collection of antique jewelry, who came from Odessa to Rome, where he usually passes the winter. On seeing the "treasure" at the house of Count Tyskievitch

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he exclaimed, "Musica! musica!" which is the euphemism adopted, among Roman collectors, for denouncing a forgery. Count Stroganoff said he had seen in Odessa several works by the same hand, which was then busy at Kertch, the ancient Panticapæum, and that the Museum of the Hermitage in St. Petersburg had lately acquired in Odessa a large collection comprising many forgeries in the same style. Count Tyskievitch soon acknowledged his mistake, and returned the "treasure" to the Russian gentleman, who, it appears, contrived to sell it to Germany. The reliefs on the silver dish were nothing but slavish copies of the paintings on a Greek vase discovered years ago at Panticapæum, and abundantly illustrated by Stephani. Very few people are aware of these particulars, for which I am indebted to Count Tyskievitch. As Geffroy's letter was printed in the *Comptes Rendus*, the "treasure" continues to be quoted from time to time; I find a mention of it in the *Revue des Études Grecques* for 1895 (p. 444), whence it may find its way into other periodicals.

M. Furtwaengler has told me that, in 1895, a golden object with an inscription, said to have been discovered in Olbia, was offered to the Berlin Museum and rejected, its authenticity having been questioned by M. Dressel. M. Furtwaengler had not seen it, but thought it must have been a clever forgery, as Prof. Curtius had at first considered it genuine. I do not remember exactly if the object in question was a crown or a vase, but rather believe that it was a crown.

The tiara of Saïtapharnes first belonged to a dealer at Otchakoff, a place between Odessa and Kherson. It was offered, but not shown, to Count Tyskievitch, who refused to go to see it, its provenance from Olbia having immediately raised his suspicions on account of the painful experience he had had the year before. I believe the tiara went to Lemberg and was offered there for sale before it was carried to Vienna, where it still was at the beginning of the current year. For several weeks it remained at the Museum in Vienna, where nobody questioned its authenticity, but where the funds for such a costly purchase were not obtainable. From Vienna, a dealer named Vogel took the tiara and the necklace to Paris (March, 1896), together with a red-figured vase of very late style said to have been discovered with the tiara. They were submitted to the appreciation not only of the keepers of the Museum, but of the members of a committee to which is intrusted the care of the large sum derived from the sale of the *diamants de la Couronne* (about 400,000 francs a year). I had the honor of assisting, in the Louvre, at the memorable sitting at which the acquisition of the tiara and necklace were decided upon. The sitting lasted several hours; we were perfectly aware of the existence of forgeries from South ern Russia, and examined every detail with the utmost care. Men like MM. Heuzey, de Villefosse, and Pottier felt no uneasiness in the presence of such astonishing works of art; but we were conscious that the question of authenticity was some day or other to be raised, on account of the exceptional and mysterious character of the discovery. So we quietly waited for our fate.

The first person to attack the genuineness of the tiara was, I believe, the keeper of a French provincial museum; but as he wrote nothing on the subject, I think it unnecessary to give his name. Most people accepted the statement of the authorities in the Louvre, attributing the tiara to the fourth or third century B. C.;* a few amateurs declared it was Roman, and a correspondent of the *Indépendance Belge* went so far as to assign it to the Byzantine period. It is useless to dwell on such assertions, which betray more than ordinary ignorance of archæology and epigraphy.

About the middle of April, Prof. Furtwaengler arrived in Paris. He went to see the tiara and examined it at first through the glass case. His opinion was formed immediately: the tiara and the necklace were both forgeries. When he told me so, I advised him to take the tiara in his hands and look at the inside, which he did the next day, but very cursorily. His verdict was that the whole tiara was modern, with the exception of *two small bronze nails* inside the rim, and that the only antique parts of the necklace were a few beads and tablets of iridescent glass. Hours of discussion ensued, in which I naturally learned much from my opponent, but could not prevail upon him to withdraw or to modify his judgment. I must say, to the honor of Prof. Furtwaengler, that he sincerely lamented what he called the Louvre's misfortune, and deliberated what he should do to alleviate it without giving offence or annoyance to the keepers. He finally decided on going to see two of them, with whom he spoke very frankly, suggesting that the Louvre should immediately take steps to prosecute the dealers and get the money back. His opinion was listened to with respect, but convinced nobody. Prof. Furtwaengler left Paris with the impression that our blindness could be cured only by means of a printed demonstration, which he accordingly prepared to write. But others were hurrying to grasp from his hands what Renan has called "la priorité dans l'erreur!"

Some days before M. Furtwaengler's departure, Count Gregory Stroganoff came to Paris. He had heard from St. Petersburg—where nobody had yet seen the tiara—that it was a forgery, and went straight to the celebrated dealer, M. Feuardent, deploring the Louvre's credulity, etc. Feuardent advised the Count to go and see the things himself, which he had hitherto neglected to do. An hour later Count Stroganoff returned to M. Feuardent's office; he declared that a man must be raving (*enragé*) to question the genuineness of the tiara. He wrote in consequence to several of his Russian friends, in particular to Count Tyskievitch, who had asked information from M. Fröhner and received the assurance that the tiara was authentic, which he accepted reluctantly.

During M. Furtwaengler's stay in Paris, I had written to a friend of mine in Odessa, begging him to go to M. Lemmé and try to get information from him. M. Lemmé had not seen the tiara, not even a photograph of it (the first decent publication appeared on the 1st of May in the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*, with a good article by M. Michon); but he did not hesitate to say that it was a forgery, originating at the factory in Otchakoff. He spoke to my friend about several forgeries of the same kind which he had recently come across, one of the most interesting being a golden crown, with an inscription, which had been purchased by the German Consul in Odessa; others had been bought by a banker in Frankfort-on-the-Main, etc. The rumor that the Louvre had been sorely deceived was spreading at that time (end of April) from Odessa to Moscow and St. Petersburg.

* I believe it is somewhat later than 150 B. C.

One of the most decided opponents of the tiara in St. Petersburg was M. G. Kieseritzky, the successor of Stephani as curator of the antiquities in the Hermitage. He had not seen it either, but judged that it *must* be a fraud—and said so. A professor of Byzantine and Turkish history in the University, M. Vesselovsky, caught up his words, and perhaps thought he would make himself immortal by being the first to print an onslaught on the tiara. So he published a short and smart note, under his name, in the *Novoe Vremya* of the 19th (31st) of May. Early in June I received a visit from Count Stroganoff, who showed me a translation of the note. He continued to believe in the tiara, but nevertheless felt uneasy. "Prof. Vesselovsky is not an urchin," he said. "He cannot have written such a note, in which he asserts that the tiara was made quite recently in Otchakoff, without having serious reasons to give." The Count insisted that I should write immediately to Prof. Vesselovsky, asking him to give me his reasons. I did so, but never received an answer. Another Russian savant, Prof. Kondakoff, passed through Paris some days later. He, too, had condemned the tiara before seeing it, and maintained his opinion afterwards. But he gave no arguments, and, as far as I know, discussed the matter with nobody. This certainly does credit to his modesty, Prof. Kondakoff being a Byzantine scholar and not an archæologist.

Meanwhile the *Petit Journal* and the *Revue Encyclopédique* had reproduced a translation of Prof. Vesselovsky's letter. The public at large believed in the Russian's assertion; first, because a Russian, in contemporary France, is something more than an ordinary mortal, and, secondly, because our public is always ready to believe that the officials of its own country are lazy or ignorant. The height of the ridiculous was reached by M. Arsène Alexandre, who, writing in the *Figaro* (July 8), expressed the hope that the stupid authorities in the Louvre would profit by the hard lesson they had received! The following is a typical phrase extracted from that sensational article to show the author's competence in the matter of antiquities:

"D'abord, on devrait se convaincre une bonne fois que nulle part il n'existe plus un objet d'art ancien de quelque valeur qui soit inconnu. Il faut être naïf comme un conservateur de musée, ou ignorant comme un directeur des beaux-arts, pour croire que le trésor artistique de l'humanité n'est pas catalogué et mis au jour jusqu'au moindre tesson."

Is it possible that M. Alexandre never heard about English country-seats?

When the article in the *Figaro* appeared, M. Kieseritzky had just arrived in Paris. He brought photographs of the forged golden objects in St. Petersburg and in Odessa, with the idea that the tiara, when examined by himself, would betray the same crude workmanship. But . . . *longe aliter res se habuit*. M. Kieseritzky soon asserted that both tiara and necklace were authentic and indisputable, and he authorized M. Kaempfen, the director of the Louvre, to state his opinion as such in an answer to M. Alexandre's article (*Figaro*, July 18, 1896).

We have had occasion to examine, by the side of the tiara, not only the photographs and some *original forgeries* brought by M. Kieseritzky, but a number of golden things, said to have been found in Olbia, which a Polish dealer recently offered to the Louvre. The latter were a winged sandal, a crown with glass jewelry, a mask with a long Greek in-

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scription, all in *repoussé* gold and of bad workmanship. The Greek inscription was stupid—a dedication ending with the word Χαῖρε! Here, then, we had some *genuine* antiquities from the factory at Otchakoff. Among M. Kieseritzky's photographs was that of the crown with a Greek inscription which M. Lemmé had mentioned to my friend in Odessa. Although the falsity of the whole is quite apparent, I remarked that the inscription and many details of the decorations so closely recalled the tiara in the Louvre as to render a mere coincidence most unlikely. So I believe that the tiara must have been at Otchakoff *for a long time*—some years, perhaps—and been imitated there by forgers, until the forger-in-chief, whoever he may be, decided upon parting with his original treasure, because the imitations had become suspicious and would sell no longer.

Between the best of the Otchakoff forgeries and the weakest part in the tiara, there is such an immense difference of technique and of style that if Prof. Furtwaengler had been able to compare them, as I did, I am certain he would never have published his deplorable article in *Cosmopolis* (August 1). I call it deplorable because it is a real misfortune for archæology when a man like M. Furtwaengler exposes himself and the science he so gloriously represents to the ironical sarcasms of lookers-on. There is not one argument in his article that will bear being tested, and several assertions in it are (*mirabile dictu*) serious blunders, which will have been duly exposed by the time this article appears. The *Journal des Débats* of August 3 having published a résumé of M. Furtwaengler's paper, M. de Villefosse answered in the same daily (August 6), and, though his letter is short, it contains enough overwhelming evidence to upset the whole romance constructed by M. Furtwaengler's scepticism.

The good result of the controversy will be to attract to the tiara the full attention of all archæologists. It is well worthy of being widely known and deeply studied, not because it is a masterpiece of art—the excellence of the *technique* is counterbalanced by the provincial vulgarity of the style—but because it is a storehouse of genuine information. Here I pause, it not being my purpose to describe the tiara and show what a quantity of new facts it may teach us. I, for my part, think that the question of authenticity is settled, but it still remains to discover *when* and *where* the tiara was found. It may transpire that, instead of being a recent find, it is a very old one—readers of the *Antiquités de la Russie Méridionale* will perhaps guess what I mean; if they do not, I refer them to the conclusion of the article which is going to appear in the September number of the *Gazette des Beaux-Arts*.

SALOMON REINACH.

Correspondence.

ASSURANCE FOR THE SOUTH.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: To "A Mugwump," writing on "Idle Fears" in your last issue, it is sufficient answer to say that some of the Southern States already hold their State and county elections on a different date from the national elections, Virginia being one of them. Yet in these States, not less than elsewhere, there exists great apprehension that Republican government will mean an attempt at negro domination. Like "A Mugwump," "I am a born and bred Southern Democrat, and my father was before me," and I am going to vote for McKinley for his own reasons. More than that, I want as many as possible of my compatriots to be enabled to do the same thing by having their minds made easy in essential sentiments. CHRYSOSTOM.

VIRGINIA, August 24, 1896.

THE CART BEFORE THE HORSE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Apropos of a recent comment in your Notes on President Gilman's endorsement, in the August *Atlantic Monthly*, of "the admission of women to the advantages of higher education, either by coeducation, or by 'annexes,' or by separate foundations," as "one of the greatest gains" of the past half-century of educational development, may I call your attention to the following item from the London *Athenæum* of August 1?

"*Autres pays autres mœurs.* The *University Circular* of Johns Hopkins University, Baltimore, states that the 'medical department is open to women: the other departments are not.' This is the converse of the rule observed in most of the British universities."

Evidently the British critic is as much at sea as the American observer of social phenomena, to explain why Dr. Gilman and his colleagues continue to occupy, alone among the authorities of leading American universities, a persistent attitude of exclusion towards women who seek the advantages of higher education. Their friends can only hope that the unexpectedly explicit declaration of the able head of the Johns Hopkins University may be accepted as an intimation that a change of heart is to be looked for in the near future on the part of those who control the policy of the University. C. M.

BALTIMORE, August 17, 1896.

Notes.

MR. BRYCE'S recent articles in the *Century Magazine* will form part of a work, 'Impressions of South Africa,' which the Century Company has in preparation. They announce also 'Rhymes of the States,' by Garrett Newkirk, a help for little pupils in national geography, and a new edition of Joel Chandler Harris's 'Daddy Jake, the Runaway.'

Scott, Foresman & Co., Chicago, have in press 'Primitive Buddhism, its Origin and Teachings,' by Mrs. Elizabeth A. Reed.

Dr. George E. Post, professor in the Syrian Protestant College at Beirut, has just published a 'Flora of Syria, Palestine and Sinai,' the work of thirty years. Profit, in the nature of the case, is hardly to be looked for, but reimbursement for the cost of publication will be furthered by any one disposed to send for a copy of the book (to the above address), at the price of a pound sterling. Transmission of the volume will be by registered mail.

We are glad to observe not only that M. Hanotaux has not dropped his Life of Richelieu, as we feared, but that the second volume, covering the years 1614-1617, has just appeared under the sub-title of "Le Premier Ministère."

Those who are interested in the criticism of art and who can read French (and all who are interested in art-criticism should be able to read French), may find much to interest them in André Michel's 'Notes sur l'Art Moderne (Peinture)' published by Armand Colin & Cie., Paris. M. Michel touches upon many artists and many "movements," from the romantic revolution of the thirties to Impressionism and those still later phases of French art which are, though our painters are hardly yet aware of it, displacing Impressionism in France; and he touches nothing on which he does not throw some light. The notes on Corot, Ingres, and Delacroix are especially interesting, and those on Impressionism and "on some methods of painting" give a clear and, we think, a just notion of what will be for the painter of the future, "who will not be an Impressionist," the permanent acquisition from the modern analysis of light. Even in those articles that have less value, M. Michel drops by the way many pregnant observations. In speaking of Raffet, for instance, whom, with the Frenchman's love for *la peinture militaire*, he vastly overrates, he says: "Is it that a picture, unless it is intended for some monumental decoration, is always large enough? This is a disquieting thought at the moment when the Salons are about to spread before our discouraged eyes so many paintings of a useless acreage." This sentence is the condemnation of much that passes for modern art, and it is, unfortunately, not only the painters of France that need a warning against the "useless acreage" of the Salon picture.

The appearance of a fourth edition of J. Fitzgerald Molloy's 'Most Gorgeous Lady Blessington' (Scribners) attests the popularity of a most entertaining book. It combines all the features of a memoir of a curious, sad, and interesting life, a picture of a literary society of recent date, yet wholly vanished, and a collection of anecdotes about its members. The style is perhaps rather conversational, but not slangy, and the literary skill of the book in presenting vivid character-sketches in a few touches is remarkable. Byron, Dickens, Disraeli, Bulwer, Landor, D'Orsay, N. P. Willis, Lord and Lady Blessington, the Countess Guiccioli and each member of her family, Lady Blessington's violent father and insane first husband, even De Boissy, who finally marries "la Guiccioli," and is proud to introduce her as "ma femme, ci-devant maîtresse de Lord Byron"—all are as clear and distinct as if we had known them. Lord Byron, especially, is a wonderful portrait in a few pages, and signed, as one may say, by himself, for much of it is taken down from his own lips. It is curious to contrast a sympathetic account, such as this, of the literary circle for which Gore House was a sort of salon, with that given by Carlyle of literary London, and to see that the affectations which irritated him so much, and drove him to the extreme of a semi-savage, semi-humorous unconventionality, were bone of its bone and flesh of its flesh. Poor Lady Blessington is throughout more natural than any of her courtiers; she remains the beautiful, charming, sensitive, clever, good-natured, unaffected, and unlucky Margaret Power to the end.

Mr. Edmund G. Ross's 'History of the Impeachment of Andrew Johnson,' published by the author at Santa Fé, forms a thin volume of 180 pages, giving all the leading facts of the trial and of the controversy which produced it. Mr. Ross was one of the Republican Senators whose votes prevented conviction. The account is clear and to the point, and, owing to the fact that it is a report and criticism of

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the proceedings by one of the judges, possesses historical value.

Littell's Living Age is to take on a monthly supplement, free to its subscribers, containing readings from American magazines and new books, and a list of books of the month. Occasional translations from articles in foreign reviews and magazines will form a still more decided departure.

The "Summer Number" of *Modern Art* (Boston: E. Prang & Co.) resembles its predecessors in being better in appearance than in substance. Its printing is so handsome, its paper so good, and its decoration so sumptuous that one is disappointed to find its letterpress so indifferent. The principal illustrations of the present number are a chromolithographic reproduction of a color print from wood blocks by Arthur W. Dow, a heliotype from the painting "Lullaby" by Miss Wally Moes, and several reproductions of book-bindings by the Club Bindery. Mr. Dow gives some account of his experiments in color-printing after Japanese methods, and Mr. William Loring Andrews writes of the Club Bindery, while Mr. Prang contributes an article on lithography. Mr. Philip Hale, not the well-known musical critic but a young painter, writes somewhat flippantly of "Artists' Little Games," his serious conclusion being that Claude Monet is the only artist who is "wholly and absolutely sincere"; and there are notes on the Kelmscott Press, on the German *Pan*, and on "The New Movement in Dutch Art." The "Table of Art Reading" is an excellent idea and may be of use to students, but one must protest against the inclusion in it of articles, illustrated by photographs of models, of which some of the cheaper magazines are making a specialty. The printing in red ink of several of Mahomet's denunciations of all art and all artists is a curious freak of the editor's.

In the annual review of Continental literature published by the *Athenæum*, in its issue for July 4, reports are given from thirteen countries; Sweden, Portugal, the Balkan States, and Turkey being unrepresented. Judging simply from the amount of space given to historical works, one must infer that history is the most important sphere of literary activity in France and Spain, while the drama and fiction occupy a similar position in Germany and Norway. The general impression left by the record as a whole is, that while the last twelve months have been a season of great productiveness, there has not been a single work of commanding originality or power. No writer of the first rank in his own country, with the possible exception of Björnson, who has published a work, has sustained his reputation. This is especially the case with the dramatists and novelists. Works on socialism are still numerous, particularly in Belgium, but their number and their importance are less than in previous years. The most earnest and in some respects the most encouraging report is from Russia. Here the future of the peasant, in view of the probable abolition of the communal system, is the subject of keenest interest to many writers, both radical and conservative.

The most interesting paper in the *Geographical Journal* for August is Dr. Donaldson Smith's account of his adventurous journey from Berbera on the Gulf of Aden through Somaliland to Lake Rudolf. He narrates with great simplicity, but very effectively, his numerous adventures with the Abyssinians, Gallas, who are being rapidly exterminated or enslaved by their powerful neighbors, and the Borans. These last are an interior tribe, and the richest and most powerful natives whom he met with. They are superior even to the Mohammedan blacks, which is very unusual in Central Africa. The Right Hon. Geo. N. Curzon gives in detail an account of the various lakes and passes in the Pamirs, and Mr. O. H. Howarth describes scientifically Popocatepetl and the volcanoes of the valley of Mexico. In a brief paper upon the great seawaves which destroyed 27,000 lives in Japan last June, Prof. J. Milne gives it as his opinion that the disaster was "of a seismic rather than volcanic origin," and that off the eastern coast of Japan "a submarine range of mountains may be slowly growing upward." There is also a summary of the remarkable explorations of two Russians in Central Asia during the past two years, in which 10,600 miles were surveyed, and numerous rich collections of natural history, including 30,000 insects and 25,000 specimens of plants, were made.

Just in time for the Bayreuth Festival, Schottländer of Breslau (New York: G. E. Stechert) issues H. T. Finck's 'Wagner and his Works' in a German translation by George von Skal, which is so fluent and idiomatic that the reader would hardly suspect that it was not written in that language. The pages on the Dresden Revolution, on the relations between Franz and Wagner and others, have been rewritten and the work in all respects brought up to date. The new preface calls attention to the fact that the accusations of extreme partisanship are refuted by the censures of Wagner in the chapters on the Revolution, Judaism in Music, the silly comic libretto 'A Capitulation,' the neglect of the chorus, and the tiresome philosophical and political prose writings. An interesting footnote has been added (ii., 420) giving the opinions of Hanslick and Billroth (two extreme anti-Wagnerites) on the renegade Nietszche. 'Wagner und seine Werke' is neatly printed and bound, in a form convenient for the pocket.

The second number of the serial publication *Bausteine zur Elsass-Lothringischen Geschichts- und Landeskunde* (Zahn: Fuchs) is a pamphlet of 28 pages entitled 'Ein Hexenprozess in Elsass vom Jahre 1616,' by J. Dennler. It gives a full account of the trial for witchcraft of two women—Apollonia, widow of Michael Spener, and her daughter Dorothea, widow of Jacob Pfister. The materials are derived from the archives of Lower Alsatia, and now printed for the first time.

The *Historische Zeitschrift* (Munich: Oldenburg), founded by Heinrich von Sybel, and after his death edited by the recently deceased Heinrich von Treitschke, will be henceforth conducted by the sub-editor, Friedrich Meinecke, with the aid of an editorial committee composed of eight scholars. In connection with the review there will also be published an "Historische Bibliothek," consisting of biographical and historical essays issued at irregular intervals as supplements to the periodical, and sold separately at a moderate price. The first of these supplements, a sketch of the early intellectual development and character of Heinrich von Treitschke, will appear in the autumn of the present year.

The number of the *Deutsche Medicinische Wochenschrift* for July 23 contains an interesting report, by Dr. Marcuse of Berlin, recording his observations on the effect of the Röntgen rays on the human body. On July 1 he began to take photographs (or shadowgraphs) of a young man seventeen years of age. The sittings were frequent, and lasted as a rule from five to ten minutes, and considerably longer in photographing the internal organs of the chest. The tube was brought very close to the body and sometimes into actual contact with it, but the degree of heat developed by the current was quite moderate, and the young man was dressed and felt no inconvenience from it. After a time it was noticed that the skin of the parts towards which the tube had been directed had grown intensely red with a brownish tinge, and showed a tendency to peel off, and, when washed with vinegar, hung down in shreds. On the head the scalp turned pale and became bald in spots as big as a dollar; what hair remained was short, brittle, and thin, and dropped out easily. On the back the skin came off in places as large as an ordinary dinner-plate, and the tissue thus exposed was slightly bloodshot. The surrounding skin for the breadth of two fingers was brownish-red. The young man felt no discomfort during the process of photographing; what the after-effects may be remains to be seen.

We have already predicted that, when the Germans had once been convinced of the undesirableness of existing restrictions upon the activity of women, they would, such is their thoroughness, introduce changed conditions of a far-reaching nature so quickly as to leave other nations distinctly behind. The Hon. Mrs. Bertrand Russell, in an interesting article on Women in Germany in the *Nineteenth Century*, points out that, in spite of appearances, the millennium which women look forward to is likely to come to them sooner than in any other country. The party of the Social Democrats is the only strong political party in the world which demands the full equality of the sexes. When German working-women make up their minds to demand any particular measure of relief, they have an organized body of forty-seven members of the Reichstag ready to enforce their claim. Liebknecht has already expressed himself in favor of the "most thorough and complete emancipation that they can possibly desire."

Skirmishing over the question of degrees for women, at the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, still continues. At Cambridge a "syndicate," carefully selected so as to display no preponderance of known opinion in favor of or in opposition to degrees, has been selected, and two memorials from members of the Senate have been extensively signed; the one against the proposal to admit women to membership of the University has received over 2,000 signatures, and the other, suggesting that women should receive some title not implying membership, has received nearly 1,400 signatures, of which more than 1,100 are common to both memorials—a fresh illustration of the universal instinct to "hedge." At Oxford, the "Association for the Education of Women at Oxford," pending the ultimate victory of its cause, has decided to give three kinds of certificates to those of its students who comply with certain conditions of residence and examinations, including a class in an Oxford honor examination. The first certificate will be given for the strict B.A. course, with full residence, as prescribed for men; the second will be given for a course approved by the Council of the Association, as an alternative to the degree course, and for this three examinations and twelve terms' residence will be obligatory, but there will be no limits of standing; for the third, eight terms' residence, without an intermediate examination, will be sufficient. These certificates will record the nature of examinations passed, together with the college or hall at which the

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student has resided, and will doubtless be akin in value to the Harvard Annex certificates, which are now replaced by Radcliffe College degrees.

We have received the first circular of the American Woman's Sound-Money League, whose headquarters are at Boston, Mass., and officers, Mrs. Marion A. McBride, President and Manager; Mrs. Sarah Joy White, Vice-President; Miss Helen M. Winslow, Treasurer. This organization intends primarily to spread practical information regarding the currency question among American women, whose influence and intelligent zeal, if properly directed, can materially assist in the righteous settlement of the money question in November. The members are women who "sympathize" with sound money, and who "believe that a definite and an unquestioned standard of values, . . . known as the *gold standard*, . . . is indispensable to help relieve the industrial situation." It is proposed, in the principal cities and towns, to form branches of the League, which will distribute carefully prepared printed matter, and speakers for public meetings of women will be provided. Short, clear, practical statements, selected from the writings of acknowledged authorities on finance, will be sent to any part of the United States. Detailed information will be supplied by Mrs. Marion A. McBride, Arlington Heights, Mass.

—At this time of the year, when so many city families go to the country for a change of air, it is of interest to take note of a recent utterance of Prof. Leyden of Berlin, which has aroused much discussion in the German press. Having been asked whether the air of Berlin was specially injurious to those suffering from diseases of the lungs, he said that Berlin air was unjustly maligned; that it was mainly a question of dust, and that there was plenty of dust in the cities of the Riviera, where consumptives are sent for cure. He further intimated that the therapeutic overvaluation of air came from England, and dated back to the time when epidemic diseases were erroneously traced to the air as their source, whereas we now know that water is the chief medium for the conveyance of disease germs. When these utterances reached Vienna, the *Neue Freie Presse* interviewed several professors at the university, who unanimously protested against Dr. Leyden's notion that air is not a remedial agent. Prof. Oser conceded that air is not a direct remedial agent, but that its indirect effect on the healing of disease is of the utmost importance. The cool, dust-free air of the seashore and mountains gives a sound sleep, improves the appetite, and thus makes it much easier to conquer disease there than in the city. Prof. Chiari would consider air as a direct remedial agent, on the ground that pure country air, free from dust and too sudden contrasts of temperature, healed catarrhs which in the city were chronic. Prof. Gruber was disposed to think Berlin a better place for consumptives than Vienna, because the latter city is more exposed to draughts and sudden gusts of wind; while Dr. Kammerer thought that the principal trouble in Vienna was not so much the presence of dust or the quality of the air as the stagnation produced by the way in which the houses are built, whereby two sides of them are insufficiently ventilated. In some parts of Vienna only eight per cent. of the building space is left free.

—Another Goethe mystery has been solved. The "schoene Maylaenderin," with the light brown hair and almost blue eyes, whom Goethe met in Rome in 1787, and who flits unnamed with such poetic grace through the closing pages of the 'Italian Journey,' has been identified. For more than a century this fair Milanese has been known by no other name. M. Valeri, of the Victor Emmanuel Library in Rome, an ardent student of Goethe, has now discovered in the records of San Lorenzo in Lucina that in the house, unmistakably designated by the poet, there lived in 1788 "Carlo Ricci, business man; Maddalena, his sister, spinster, aged 20." As this coincides perfectly with all the known details, M. Valeri's point seems to be established. The name of Maddalena Ricci was not, however, unfamiliar to Goethe students, although she has not before been identified with the fair Milanese. It will be remembered that, just as Werther was in despair upon learning of Lotte's engagement, so Goethe, at the very inception of his love-making, grieved at the news that his fair one was already affianced. The engagement was broken off, however—why, does not appear—but in less than three months after Goethe's departure from Rome, in April, 1788, Maddalena had married another. Two letters in the Goethe archives refer to this event. One from Angelica Kauffmann, dated Rome, November 1, 1788, and published in volume v. of the "Schriften der Goethe-Gesellschaft," announces to Goethe "dass die Signora Maddalena Riggi sich nun Volpato schreibt." This Volpato was the son of the famous engraver. The other letter (as yet, we believe, unpublished) is from Maddalena's brother Carlo to Goethe, under date of January 20, 1789: "Vous êtes aussi obligeant que vous vous souvenez de moi et de ma sœur. Elle est mariée depuis Juillet passé au fils de Mons. Volpato. Elle a reçu avec reconnaissance votre souvenir." The poet had sent her a box of flower-seeds. After their tender parting, described in the chapter on the Second Sojourn in Rome, these half-confessed lovers never met. Unlike Frederica of Sesenheim, Maddalena of Milan remained heart-whole. But those who delight in the poetic charm with which Goethe invested all his relations with women will continue to think of that bright and gracious figure at Castel Gandolfo as the "schoene Maylaenderin," and forget that she was Maddalena Ricci, who married twice and died in 1825, leaving eight children. She is buried in the vault of the Volpato family in the Church of Santa Pudenziana at Rome, and with her is now buried a once fascinating theme for the doctor dissertations of ardent undergraduates.

—The French papers abound in tributes paid to the memory of the late Edmond de Goncourt by his literary friends, and in criticism (much of it of the obituary sort) of the work of the two brothers. M. Émile Faguet's finding in the *Revue Bleue* is brief and pointed: the Goncourts had, he says, the curiosity of genius, but not its intelligence. This is a rough-and-ready summing up, as he himself admits, and will require some attenuation and adaptation to make it fit quite smoothly. The two statements which oftenest recur in all these notices are that the Goncourts were artists, and that they were the founders of Naturalism. They certainly preceded Daudet and Zola, but, if Naturalism means Realism, one is forced to remember that even in French literature there was plenty of realism long before their day. The brothers Goncourt seem to have been radically unlike in many regards, as Edmond himself said; though he adds that, unlike as they were, they both received absolutely identical impressions from life and from the world. Probably no one will ever be able to distinguish the work of Edmond from the work of Jules, and while it is possible that some hints about this, or even a plain statement about it, may be contained in the fuller journals that are to see the light twenty years hence, nothing is known now.

—The reading of the will of Edmond de Goncourt satisfied to the full the curiosity of Paris on the point about which it was widest awake. As compared with the average man of letters, the Goncourts were rich men, and their fortune was at their own disposal. It was well known that they intended to use it in founding a new and purely literary Academy, in deliberate rivalry of the Académie Française, and much speculation has been indulged in as to whom M. E. de Goncourt would appoint as its first members. No one can fairly complain of the substantial justice of Goncourt's list. He did not fill it up from the "Grenier," but chose men who best represented, in his judgment, the literary movement in France, and it may be said that most of the men of his choice compare favorably with some recent accessions to the greater Academy. Above all things he seems to have valued originality and individuality of literary temperament. As was expected, M. Alphonse Daudet heads the list. Then follow the names of MM. Léon Hennique, J. K. Huysmans, Octave Mirbeau, Gustave Geoffroy, Paul Margueritte, and the two brothers J. H. Rosny. Two vacancies are left which will be filled by the Academy in session. It is said, and probably with truth, that Zola was excluded on account of his offering himself as a candidate at the French Academy, and Coppée and Loti because they had been received there. Each member of the new Academy will receive an annual income of six thousand francs. M. de Goncourt also founds a yearly prize of five thousand francs, to be awarded by his Academy to the author of the best novel, or of the best book of history, æsthetics, or erudition, or of the best collection of short stories. The manuscript of the "Journal des Goncourts" in its complete form will be deposited at the Bibliothèque Nationale, to be published only when twenty years have passed by.

—The *Korean Repository*, founded and supported chiefly by the American missionaries in a land which seems destined to become a Russian protectorate, keeps steadily on its way. Vol. ii., for 1895, shows in its table of contents a commendable variety both in contributors and in subjects treated. Furthermore, there is encouraging proof that the resident foreigners are mastering the language. The six numbers of vol. iii., for 1896, now before us, are well filled with excellent papers and essays, the substance of which comes from the native literature. Besides the standard linguistic and missionary themes are some illuminating chapters from the Korean historiographers and on native poetry. The renderings of Korean verse, while making us acquainted with the stock of native ideas and revealing the passion of the Korean for the beauties of nature, yet seem to invite the presence of a genuine poet who can explore further depths. Prof. Homer B. Hulbert, the managing editor, in the June number, continues his researches into the origin of the Korean alphabet. For the first time, we believe, he gives us documentary authority for the statement made by Japanese writers,

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by Mr. W. G. Aston, and by the French scholar M. Courant, that King Se Jong, near the beginning of the present dynasty (founded A. D. 1392), invented the *en mun* or Korean alphabet of twenty-five letters (at first twenty-eight) which are purely phonetic signs. The passage, which shows that the King called in the aid of scholars to revise and criticise his work, occurs in one of the three or more private manuscript histories of the present dynasty, all of which agree essentially in their account of the origin of this remarkable instrument for the expression of thought. In the same number of the *Repository* is a review of the book 'Se-Quo-Yah, the American Cadmus and Modern Moses,' by Mr. George E. Foster of Ithaca, New York. There is also a very interesting article on a visit to the city and battle-field of Ping Yang, where, on September 15, 1894, was fought the decisive battle which emptied Korea of Chinese and decided the future of the peninsula. The city was nearly ruined, and has regained only partial prosperity. We note that the Korean *Independent*, published by a native Korean who is an American citizen, and issued thrice a week in Seul, in both Korean and English, seems to be flourishing, though small enough as yet to suggest leaven and mustard-seed. It is apparently potent as an educator.

MISS EDGEWORTH.

Castle Rackrent. The Absentee. Ormond. Popular Tales. By Maria Edgeworth. 3 vols. Macmillan.

THE republication of Miss Edgeworth's works suggests two questions each of which is worth consideration. And first: Will her writings find many readers at the present day? To this inquiry, an honest critic, however keen his admiration for Miss Edgeworth, must return a doubtful answer. No discriminating reader can indeed fail to recognize the talent or the wit of the author of 'Castle Rackrent' or of 'Ormond,' but keen appreciation of Miss Edgeworth's gifts is consistent with the admission that her writings reveal defects or characteristics which militate in 1896 against her popularity. Her most interesting tales are marred, and her inferior stories are completely spoilt, by the spirit of didacticism. She has not written a novel or a story which might not be called a moral tale. The moral she points is generally, to modern readers at least, obvious enough; she never omits to draw it out and emphasize it at tedious length. The ethical conclusions which she enforces are always sound and are often important. To keep out of debt is to keep out of danger; the procrastinator who puts off till to-morrow what he ought to do to-day is likely (though not, as Miss Edgeworth holds, certain) to come to ruin; constant ill-luck is generally the sign of incurable incompetence. These conclusions and the like are summed up in copy-book maxims and are generally true, but they are hardly interesting. A perusal of Miss Edgeworth's tales makes us admire and perhaps envy the simplicity of a generation with whom trite truisms still passed for profound paradoxes. But it is difficult not to feel that the truths, say of 1800, have sunk into the platitudes of 1896, and the propounder of platitudes will never long command the ear of a busy and restless world.

Miss Edgeworth, again, lacks the kind of literary skill which is now the common property of scribblers who do not possess a tenth of her talents. Never was there an age which, in the world of letters, displayed less originality than the present day. The English people on both sides the Atlantic cannot at this moment point to a living historian, poet, or man of letters of nearly first-rate genius. In no field of intellectual activity is this sterility more noticeable than in the province of romance. Novel-readers abound; novelists of genius hardly exist. Anthony Trollope would never have claimed a place among the great novelists of England, yet, since Trollope's death, there is no story-teller who has occupied anything like his position. But the disappearance of originality from the field of literature has been accompanied by a wide diffusion of literary skill. For one lady who in Miss Edgeworth's day could write passable and accurate English, we may now find a score who can express themselves in print with ease and (to use language which has now gone out of date) with elegance. Our ordinary story-tellers know how to tell a story. The dullest of writers would now hesitate to produce the cumbersome introductions which were written by a man of genius like Scott for the amusement and the admiration of one generation and for the weariness and astonishment of the next. Scott, Miss Austen, and Miss Edgeworth are now suffering from their own success. They taught their countrymen and their countrywomen the art of story-telling, and in the mechanism of narration they have been surpassed by their pupils and imitators.

Miss Edgeworth, lastly, is not an author who anticipated the current sentiment of to-day. In this matter she falls short of writers so different from each other and so unlike modern novelists as Richardson and Madame de Staël. Each of them belongs to another time than ours, but the sentiment of 'Clarissa' still excites interest and tears, and appeals to some modern vein of feeling. In the pages of 'Delphine' you may find raised the questions which still torment or excite European society. Miss Edgeworth belongs to her own age; she speaks a language which, plain and simple as it is, or because perhaps it is plain and simple, is hardly intelligible to readers entranced by vague ideals and supremely interested in the study of morbid and exceptional characters.

No one can guarantee that Miss Edgeworth's novels will, as things now stand, obtain many readers. Are Miss Edgeworth's novels worth reading? This is a question which may be answered without any hesitation whatever. There are few writers whose works better repay thoughtful perusal. Miss Edgeworth's writings are above all things noteworthy for the immense effect they have produced in two different directions. Her 'Parent's Assistant' and her 'Moral Tales' set the example of stories for children—which, by the way, are quite a different thing from the tales about children with which we are now inundated. Of the girlish sentimentality of such books as 'Little Lord Fauntleroy,' of the spurious pathos to be found in 'Misunderstood,' or of the humorous delight felt by the author of 'A Golden Age' in the dreams and escapades of childhood, not a trace is to be found in a single line written by Miss Edgeworth. She does not tell tales about children for the amusement of their elders, but succeeds in the far more difficult feat of telling tales to children which a child can read with interest and delight. Her sentiment, it is true, is a trifle out of date. We are afraid there are many little boys, and even some little girls, who might laugh at the melodramatic rescue of simple Susan's pet lamb. Who is the elderly gentleman who can now say, as Scott seems to have said, "When you come to the return of the pet lamb you have nothing to do for it but to put your head down on your hands and cry"? But if the sentiment of the eighteenth century is more or less obsolete, the essential merits of Miss Edgeworth's tales will permanently commend them to children. She has always a real story to tell; it is invariably definite and intelligible; it is marked by that detail and precision in which children delight, and (what is no small matter) it never fails to satisfy poetical justice. The good boy at last gets the cake or the prize; the bad boy, the sluggard, or the liar is brought to deserved disgrace. Even where, as in 'The Contrast,' the excellent Franklins are ruined and the worthless Bettesworths come into a fortune, everything turns out right in the end. The transitory misfortunes of the worthy Franklins prove the sterling character of their virtues, and are compensated for by a restoration to permanent prosperity. The accidental luck of the vile Bettesworths reveals their wickedness and conducts them to final ruin. This accurate distribution of reward and punishment may not quite correspond with the realities of life, though the doctrine that good sense and good conduct lead to prosperity contains far more truth than sentimentalists care to admit. But, however this may be, to children poetical justice is poetry, and gives unalloyed pleasure; and were it granted that Miss Edgeworth does not always hit the taste of modern children, they owe to her an untold debt of gratitude. She is the inventor of stories for children. To have created a whole department of literature is, it must be added, no mean intellectual achievement.

Miss Edgeworth's writings, again, afford the earliest example of novels written to illustrate national character. In this matter she displayed the highest originality. 'Waverley' and 'Old Mortality' have rightly enough overshadowed 'The Absentee' and 'Ormond.' It would be idle to compare the talent of Maria Edgeworth with the genius of Sir Walter Scott; but it must never be forgotten that she was not the disciple but the teacher of Sir Walter. With characteristic generosity he proclaimed to the world, in the last chapter of 'Waverley,' and afterwards in the preface to his collected novels, that her descriptions of Irish character had encouraged him to make a similar experiment upon Scottish character in the Waverley Novels; in other words, Miss Edgeworth planned and carried out in her pictures of Irish life a new kind of literary work, of which she was in strictness the inventor. A glance at Fielding, or Richardson, or Smollett, or Miss Burney will show any one who reflects upon what he reads, how great was the innovation of which Miss Edgeworth was the author. In the works of all these writers there are admirable descriptions of personal character, and Smollett, at any rate, was well aware of the dislike in his day of Englishmen for Scotchmen. But no one of the authors we have mentioned attempts to describe national characteristics. To portray the peculiarities of a nation was a new idea, nor can it be said that Miss Edgeworth failed in the execution of her own conception. Had she not been surpassed by Scott, she might still claim to be the most successful of what we may term "nationalist novel-writers." The truth is, that a critic may fairly regret that she did not confine herself to sketches of Irish life. 'Castle Rackrent,' 'The

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Absentee,' 'Ormond,' or 'Ennui,' is worth a hundred 'Harringtons' and 'Helens.' In 'The Absentee' she is a novelist of first-rate powers who is a little too apt to moralize; in 'Harrington' she is a moralist of a somewhat dull type, who, after all, wraps up her moral in a passable story. She rises to the height of her power in 'Castle Rackrent.'

This tale is Irish, and nothing but Irish; it is the serio-comedy or comic tragedy of the fall of a great Irish family. The humorous element is not absent from a single page, yet the oftener the tale be read, the more one is impressed with its essential melancholy. It is the tragedy of the Irish gentry. As the owners of Castle Rackrent succeed each other, generation by generation, they display the characteristics of a doomed race. The glorious spendthrift, the litigious niggard, the careless, good-natured inheritor of a great name and a ruined estate—all and each, by some strange fatality, hurry on the destruction of the family. When the last of the Rackrent family dies in a drinking bout, and the grasping agent, the son of a devoted dependent, has robbed his former masters of their land and wealth, the tragedy is complete and the story ends, and, as with so many other stories of Irish misery and failure, the reader feels that somehow or other each man has played his natural part. The Rackrent family kept persistently along a road which led to destruction, but the road was the broad path which most of us in their case would have followed; the men had their virtues no less than their vices, and there is no reason to suppose that the owners of Rackrent Castle were essentially worse than English squires. They were overpowered by the force of circumstances, and the great charm as well as the great originality of Miss Edgeworth lies in this, that she saw all the humors and follies of Irish life, and yet felt its tragic side and sympathized with the virtues of the Irish people. At first sight Miss Edgeworth's insight and sympathy seem a little paradoxical, for her own character was that of a staid, very sensible Englishwoman, who, whenever she displayed her feelings, exhibited the sentiment of the eighteenth century. She did not belong to Ireland as Scott belongs to Scotland; and in truth it is just because she stood a little outside the people whom she loved and whom she painted, that her pictures of Ireland as she saw it are so good.

Here we come across another characteristic of Miss Edgeworth's works which may detract from their popularity, but adds to their essential interest. They embody in its best form the feeling and the faith of the eighteenth century. The defects of that age have been more than sufficiently noted; it is well worth while to study the books of a writer who is the incarnation of its virtues. Few better women than Miss Edgeworth have ever lived, but her goodness is of an essentially different type from the goodness which has been admired in England during the greater part of the nineteenth century. She lived during a great religious movement. She was but eight years younger than Charles Simeon, and she died four years after Newman had seceded to Rome. She witnessed the predominance of Evangelicalism and the rise of Tractarianism. She shows no sign of being consciously out of harmony with the tone of what in her day would have been called the religious world. No one more cordially admired the philanthropy of Wilberforce or the benevolence of Mrs. Fry. Yet, for all this, religion as distinguished from benevolence played no part in Miss Edgeworth's philosophy of life. On all matters theological or ecclesiastical she keeps silence. The clergy are in her novels non-existent. If you struck out of them every allusion to a clergyman, not more than two or three pages of her writings would be lost, and these pages would never be missed. Whoever wants to see the change which the world has undergone, and how different was Miss Edgeworth's sentiment from that of the generation which followed her, should compare her not with Miss Yonge, who writes in the interest of an ecclesiastical party, but with an author of such a thoroughly lay and secular type as Anthony Trollope. He had less enthusiasm about him than Maria Edgeworth, but he knew the world in which he lived, and in every page which he has written may be traced the influence, by way either of repulsion or of attraction, of the ecclesiastical movements which have moulded or distracted social life in England. Take away from his novels the Proudies, the Grantleys, the Arrobins, and the Crawleys, and you destroy the best part of his work. With him the clergy form the centre of English society; with Miss Edgeworth they are, at their worst, disreputable parsons who, in hopes of preferment, toady to insolent patrons; and, at their best, philanthropists whose clerical garb does not prevent them from preaching such maxims of toleration and general good-will as might be gathered from the maxims of Benjamin Franklin or the poems of Erasmus Darwin.

Yet let no one fancy for a moment that because Miss Edgeworth is careless or ignorant of theology and uninterested in ecclesiastical controversy, she had not a faith or a religion of her own. She is an enthusiast for fairness, for truthfulness, and for common sense; her zeal in inculcating the practice of these homely but essential virtues is excessive, and has injured her reputation in the world of letters. She is only too much of a preacher. Fortunately or unfortunately, the texts of her sermons are not the texts which have commended themselves to ecclesiastical leaders such as Newman or Manning. This, however, does not show that the lessons she inculcated were not of importance. It is not quite certain that the nineteenth century may not end more nearly than one would have expected at the point where it began. The religious zeal, fervor, or emotion which characterized the earlier stages of the evangelical or of the High-Church movement are not now the marked characteristics of English society. It may be doubted whether Miss Yonge represents the average religious sentiment of English youth any more truly than does Mrs. Sherwood or Hannah More. The age is an age rather of sentimental philanthropy than of religious zeal. The youthful world of England might do much worse than recur to the teaching of Miss Edgeworth, and imbibe something of her enthusiasm for common sense and fanaticism for common justice. The phase of feeling through which the generations which succeeded her have passed has, we have frankly admitted, made her a stranger in the modern England. But the woman who first taught Englishmen and Englishwomen the art of writing stories for children, who first perceived how literature might be enriched by pictures of national character, and who succeeded in impressing upon the world the best lessons of a great era, must of necessity occupy a high place in the English world of letters.

TWO TEXT-BOOKS.

A History of American Literature. By Fred Lewis Pattee, Professor of English and Rhetoric in the Pennsylvania State College. Boston: Silver, Burdett & Co. 1896.

An Introduction to the Study of American Literature. By Brander Matthews, Professor of Literature, Columbia College. American Book Company.

SCHOOL-BOOK literature is usually so arid that we hesitate to call these superior school-books by their proper name of manual. Prof. Pattee writes avowedly for schools and colleges. Prof. Matthews seems to write for schools alone. The one book is a history; the other, an introduction. The methods of treatment are dissimilar, and we should be beside the mark if we undertook to compare and contrast the volumes step by step. They are alike only in seeking to furnish independent criticism along with the indispensable biographies.

Prof. Pattee sets out to be scientific in his treatment of American literature. He covers the whole ground, from Smith's 'True Relation' to the last novel of Marion Crawford, assigning each author his place in an extensive scheme. "To follow the development of the American spirit and of American thought under the agencies of race, environment, epoch, and nationality" is to propose a severe test of one's own fitness. Prof. Pattee comes out of the ordeal well. He knows his subject, and he knows how to write a book bristling with points of attachment. The boy who cannot seize much of what he offers must be devoid of tentacles. Prof. Pattee's plan involves the grouping of authors into schools, either local or intellectual. In not more than four cases is a chapter devoted to one single figure. Franklin, Irving, Poe, and Hawthorne form exceptions to the general rule of aggregation. Out of thirty chapters the Colonial Period gets two, the Transcendentalists three, and the Cambridge poets three. Novelists, orators, historians, anti-slavery leaders, women, humorists, Southern and Western poets are all swept together into classes. This arrangement might lead to diffuseness of disquisition—it is so delightfully easy to run out into general statement, forgetting that your school-boy must be taught the facts first, and that the extreme of nebulosity is worse than the extreme of baldness. Prof. Pattee is always on his guard here. He aims at making his book more than a biographical skeleton, yet he never blurs the outlines. Each individual author in a group is articulated and criticised. His contemporaries are made to speak about him, and their words are supplemented by excerpts from the best modern critics. Positive aspects are kept prominent. The writer's strong points are emphasized and his limitations very often left to look after themselves. We should object to the generosity of Prof. Pattee's praise in certain cases were the book addressed to adults, but with school-boys considerable optimism may be allowed. We refer now to dead authors. We admit that we are not quite so well pleased with Prof. Pattee's notices of authors still living. His phrases more than once cloy with their Hybla sweetness, and when it comes to prophecy of what a man is *going* to do we draw the line, *e. g.*, "As he is yet in the prime of his powers, much work of no uncertain quality may be confidently expected from his pen."

One of the most attractive features of Prof. Pattee's writing is his readiness and aptness of illustration. He shows familiarity with the entire extent of American literature, and uses

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his knowledge to the best advantage. In the collateral fields of European history and literature he is sometimes at fault, and we shall venture to point out a few slips. In his own field he is both minute and exact. His judgments have enough freshness and independence to give them literary interest, and if he inclines to praise neglected authors profusely, he can put limits to the worship of a popular favorite. (To select one notable instance, we hardly think that he gives Holmes his due.) Withal, he is not dogmatic, though clear in his views. Even the school-boy may differ from him and live. We wish that this was the rule. The ordinary school critic of literature writes with the certainty of arithmetic.

Prof. Pattee treats of so many writers—there are nearly 500 names in the index—that we feel we have a right to complain of omissions. We shall take the liberty of mentioning two. Col. Higginson and Frank Bolles are both referred to, but deserve fuller notice than they get. With regard to Col. Higginson the index is at fault, for on p. 434 he is bracketed with Trowbridge and receives a few words. Bolles is disposed of in a phrase along with four others. Slips are not numerous, in consideration of the mass of facts marshalled. One or two are a little singular and should be corrected. Prof. Pattee gives 1401 as the date of the first execution for heresy, evidently having the statute *De hæretico comburendo* in mind; but the statement is unlimited. Xylography seems to be confounded with printing from movable types in the statement, "1440, Printing from movable types made public by Guttenberg." The initial date of the Wars of the Roses is wrong, 1460 for 1455. Edmund Spenser's surname is spelt Spencer. 1646-1660 are the dates which Prof. Pattee fixes for the Commonwealth. On p. 76 we learn that, "in 1787, while in France he [Paine] published in reply to Burke's *Reflections on the French Revolution*, *The Rights of Man*, a book which so delighted the French people that he was at once granted citizenship and given a seat in the National Convention." The speech of Webster against Hayne is assigned to 1829. There are also a few general statements to which exception might fairly be taken. For example, apropos of the series of wars, 1689–1763, Prof. Pattee says, "England had gratified her vanity by waging her wars with France and Spain, but she had unconsciously taught her colonies two great secrets," etc. A larger motive than vanity lay behind these wars. And on p. 313, after insisting on Bancroft's "perfect accuracy" and "defects of style," Prof. Pattee institutes a comparison between him and Froude. "Taken for all in all, Bancroft is to be compared with no modern British historian save Froude." Froude is not often praised for accuracy nor decried for bad style.

Prof. Matthews's plan of treatment is topical. He fixes the student's eye on the best, and the best alone. Seeking to centre attention, he rigorously omits "all dates and all proper names and all titles of books not absolutely essential." Interest is thus concentrated "on the literary career of each of these great writers and on their practice of the literary art, in the hope and expectation that the student will be encouraged and stimulated to read their works for his own pleasure." Portraits, views, and facsimiles of manuscripts are used to heighten the graphic effect. Thirteen of the eighteen chapters are essays on authors whose claim to such recognition no one would deny. Another chapter goes to Halleck and Drake; the rest are on general subjects, namely, The Colonial Period, Other Writers, and The End of the Nineteenth Century. Prof. Matthews's system has the great merit of doing away with the idea that literature is written for the torment of children in the elementary schools. The classics have long been regarded in this light, much to the disadvantage of Julius Cæsar. Prof. Matthews treats *jeunes gens* rationally. He says: "Here is an entertaining essay. If you like it, remember that the masterpieces are better still. Go to them." We heartily agree with his conception of the teacher's office and commend the manner in which he has bodied it forth. He is an independent critic throughout, and his remarks are often original and suggestive. The contrast between Franklin and Emerson is quite above the average level of school criticism, and the book abounds in bright sayings. Prof. Matthews seems to be unimpeachable in his statement of facts, and gives a critic little to pounce upon in other respects. The following sentence, however, in his sketch of Thoreau is rather in the nature of a bull: "He developed consumption, and long before the end came at last, he knew that it would come soon." A strict censorship might also exclude some of the pieces mentioned in the "Brief Chronology of American Literature" which is appended.

We have taken up these treatises separately because they differ in scope and method. It may be as well in conclusion to touch upon certain features of contact. Both Prof. Pattee and Prof. Matthews seek to uphold the view that since the end of the colonial period a national American literature, independent of European tradition and treatment, has come into being. They both emphasize the national note and exalt the ideal of literary independence. No scholar will ever go away from either of them with the notion that he can become a creditable author by imitating European masterpieces. He may strike his roots through an indefinite number of strata, but he must assimilate if he wishes to live. This is their common doctrine. But Prof. Matthews seems to us to see American literature in better scale. Prof. Pattee uses the word "immortal" till it becomes almost a trick of style. When, for instance, he says that Freneau, "an unpretentious scribbler of newspaper verse, . . . has become immortal because he forgot once or twice the lifeless rules and models of his age and sang spontaneously of nature," we feel that he is abusing language by falling back on the idiom of the daily papers. Prof. Matthews, the most national of critics in sentiment, sees things more nearly as they are. While he repudiates feudalism to the length of styling Margaret Fuller's husband "an Italian named Ossoli," he does not go to the length of applying "eternal" and "immortal" to invisible poets. Both writers are lucid and entertaining. Prof. Matthews, in his attempt to be perfectly clear, sometimes becomes didactic, and speaks as though he were addressing children of five instead of fifteen years old. His tone may prove a little exasperating to forward boys with Cooper, Scott, and Dickens at their fingers' ends. Both authors have supplied full bibliographical information, and the suggested questions will be useful. Prof. Pattee requires too much collateral reading if the literature master is to keep his present place behind the classical and mathematical masters. He will be accused, in hackneyed school phrase, of "robbing Peter to pay Paul." To sum up in a word, we are glad that the teachers of the country are reinforced with two such excellent text-books.

A Survey of Greek Civilization. By Prof. J. P. Mahaffy. Meadville: Flood & Vincent. 1896.

In this his latest book, of some 350 pages, Mr. Mahaffy presents the Chautauqua Reading Circle with a general view of those conceptions of Greek civilization with which his earlier works have familiarized us. While his writings are always suggestive to the special student, his best known work has been in a somewhat popular vein, so that one naturally finds a good deal of self quotation in a volume specially designed for the unlearned reader. About a tenth of the 'Survey' is in fact composed of citations from the earlier works. Mr. Mahaffy prides himself on the cosmopolitanism of his attitude towards life and literature; and his scorn of English conservative scholarship, compared with the progressiveness of the Germans, is freely expressed. To the American ear, however, he sometimes strikes a false note; one wonders how such a phrase as the "vain notion of universal suffrage" (p. 98) will be taken by the average Chautauqua reader.

The writer's resolve not to lapse into hackneyed enthusiasms may account for some rather unusual estimates. Mr. Mahaffy has shown elsewhere his personal indifference to Pindar—whom Chautauquans will probably associate henceforth with Mr. George Meredith—but there is some inconsistency in condemning his elaboration of form, which Mr. Mahaffy considers the lesser side of literary art, in a work that puts Aristotle outside the pale of Greek culture on the score of his neglect of style. One would be fair enough in calling Pindar the "Gray of Greek poetry" if one's readers were likely to adjust the parallel for themselves by reading the "bold electric" Theban in the original.

With abstract thought Mr. Mahaffy is not greatly in sympathy; hence Plato's position as the foremost philosopher of Greece, and the debt of all later philosophers to him, are barely indicated. One can only hope that a study of Jowett, which is recommended, will remove the impression that the Attic Moses was a querulous moralist who wrote prose that Bishop Berkeley barely rivalled. The Demosthenes cult is attacked with the author's usual vigor; among the moral shortcomings of the man and the politician for which brilliant oratory cannot be allowed to atone, Mr. Mahaffy quaintly places his "ingratitude to Alexander." Thucydides is condemned for obscurity, though we are told that there are in him "occasional flashes of felicitous phrase, as there are even in Mr. Meredith's novels"—for Mr. Meredith's awful example serves more than once to point a moral. Is there any risk that Chautauqua will take Mr. Mahaffy seriously when he sorrows over the "want of moral earnestness" in the comedies of Aristophanes, and the immorality of his "gross misrepresentation of Socrates" in the "Clouds"?

The modernness of Greek civilization has always been an *idée fixe* with Mr. Mahaffy, and we were prepared for some startling analogies by the parallel, in the 'Empire of the Ptolemies,' between Ptolemy Philadelphus and Mr. Walter Pater. The collocation of Æschylus, Shakspere, Scott, and the Gospel narratives need not take one's breath, and the analogy between the aristocratic aloofness of the Platonic circle and the reluctance of the best American society to enter politics is worthy of attention. But to call Elis the Epsom of Greece, and Horace the Roman Tom Moore, is heartlessly to mislead, not to illumine, "the American public who want to appreciate such things" (p. 88) and "the Ame-

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rican reader who insists that he should have some far-off inkling of their nature" (p. 89). Mr. Mahaffy has done much in his earlier works to interest the reader in the renaissance of Greek literature under the Romans; Plutarch and Dio receive a full share of attention in the present work. The interesting and vivid style of the whole makes us condone occasional lapses into inelegance, among which we may note the following (p. 111): "From the times of the Persian wars, when Herodotus describes them [the Persian nobles] with sympathy in their home life—or else jumping overboard when asked by their king to lighten his ship in a dangerous storm—we feel ourselves in the society like that of the French *noblesse*"; or (p. 227), "Style was perhaps the only corner of culture to which we may suppose Aristotle indifferent and therefore no zealous teacher thereof"; or (p. 293), "The great philosophies which were its glory are only preserved to us in fragments, and we know positively that they scorned the art of composition." A contrast of the culture of intellect without moral forces to balance it, and of the culture of intellect with the support of Christianity—which might have been looked for, considering the aim of the book and its audience—Mr. Mahaffy, perhaps wisely, declines to give.

The Writings in Prose and Verse of Eugene Field. Charles Scribner's Sons. 1896.

Mr. Field's works have been published in a handsome edition of ten volumes, the last two of which are entirely new. Each volume has an introduction of its own, furnished by a friend and admirer. Of these Mr. Stedman's is the most critical, but all unite in dwelling on the paraphrases of Horace and the poems for children as constituting the author's special claim to fame. We may, however, point out that they rather slur over the journalistic character of Mr. Field's work, which was perhaps its distinguishing "note." A born humorist, writing verse and prose for a newspaper in a community as yet too entirely devoted to money-getting to be even provincial, Mr. Field began by writing some very amusing caricatures of Chicago life and manners. "Culture's Garland" is very broad humor, but we defy any one to read the account of the literary folding-bedstead or the poems of Sappho without laughing, and for ourselves we are inclined to think that laughter, and not solemn laudation, would be to Mr. Field's shade the most refreshing tribute. When critics enter Journalia, the true divisional line between which country and Bohemia is often difficult to trace, they should remember that it is a land, as Mr. Field would have said, "to mirth devote," and that to the author of "Casey's Tabble dote" the more tragic life was, the more of a ridiculous jumble it became. The idea of a subscription edition of one of his books amused him so much that he proposed to the friend who undertook it that each of them should keep a copy and destroy all the rest; and when Mr. Stedman came to Chicago on a literary pilgrimage, he heralded the poet's approach with "scare" head-lines.

He evidently never regarded himself altogether seriously, and it bored him to be so regarded. He wrote, day by day, whatever came into his head, and his more ambitious attempts, of which the Horatian paraphrases are by far the best, are often marred by an indifference of taste which no doubt was heightened by his occupation. The paraphrase of "Exegi monumentum" strikes us as the best, but none of them are as good as Thackeray's "Dear Lucy, I hate your made dishes." In fact, Mr. Field's Horace will never seem tolerable to those who know what others have done in the same vein. Mr. Field's talent was distinctly imitative; he is a literary mimic, as dozens of poems show, a caricaturist, as others prove (some of his caricature Chaucerian verse is often laughable), and does not object on occasion to lower flights, when, if the humor strikes him, he will cheerfully grin at his audience through a horse-collar. He was a great practical joker, as the true journalist often is. His pathos, which is as genuine as his humor, is also quite as loose. It is good, bad, and indifferent. On the other hand, one or two of the allegories are quite as good as many of Hans Andersen's. His children's poems reek of the nursery, and often drop into genuine baby talk. Many of them are just the sort of doggerel which a gifted nurse might be able to compose. Whether they can hold their place as literature may be doubted, but then we are not sure that we know exactly what literature is, or will be. To make Mr. Field a solemn classic is a pious effort on the part of his publishers, to which every one who loves a joke will wish godspeed.

A First Fleet Family. By Louis Becke and Walter Jeffery. Macmillan. 1896.

Old Melbourne Memories. By Rolf Boldrewood. Second edition. Macmillan. 1896.

In the first of these books we have, under the guise of "a hitherto unpublished narrative of certain remarkable adventures compiled from the papers of Sergeant William Dew of the Marines," a thinly veiled romance based upon the history of the first convict fleet sent out to colonize New South Wales. The story is well told and interesting, and historical accuracy is maintained. The reader who has not already perused Governor Phillip's narrative of those early days will derive a fair impression thereof. The loves of two men for one woman are woven into the relation; and although both could not gain her, two happy marriages bring the story to a close. In a certain sense this book is meant as an antidote to Marcus Clarke's 'For the Term of his Natural Life,' which the authors believe to throw an undue glamour over the characters of too many convicts. Perhaps so; but no one can have upon the spot studied the past convict history of Tasmania without coming to the conclusion that some such book as Marcus Clarke's was necessary properly to bring home to the present generation the horrors and brutalities of that system. We can be just to Governor Phillip and many other men who sought to do their best under difficult circumstances, without forgetting the inevitable excesses due to arbitrary power in the hands of men removed from the influences of a wholesome public opinion, and in times less humane than the present.

The illustrations of this volume are, upon the whole, admirable; but at page 12 we have a frigate sailing up channel, where the context describes it as sailing down, and at page 107 Governor Phillip reads his commission under a flag that was not then in existence—that of the United Kingdom.

We have also a second edition of one of Mr. Browne's stirring Australian books, of which much relates to the founding of the Victorian Western District north of Warnambool and Port Fairy, portions of which we knew well in times shortly after those about which he writes. The descriptions of scenery are good. There is perhaps a little too much *laudatio temporis acti;* and even the San Franciscan may be prepared to excuse much of the enthusiasm of the early colonist in his description of Melbourne as "the most highly civilized, the most prosperous city in the world, for the years of its existence." Real names being given, we naturally find tolerably unstinted praise all round. It is for us, however, impossible to be led to regard with affection times when "clearing off the blacks" appeared a necessary concomitant of settling the country. This book, while interesting to old colonists and to Victorians generally, is not so likely to appeal to the outer world as Rolf Boldrewood's 'Robbery under Arms' and 'A Modern Buccaneer.'

More Hawarden Horace. By Charles L. Graves. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1896.

Mr. Graves's 'Hawarden Horace,' reviewed by us last year, was received with such hearty applause that he was amply warranted in giving us more. This second volume is preceded by a bright and scholarly essay by Mr. T. E. Page, one of the best classical students of England, vindicating the ancient estimate of Horace against some of the fantastic criticisms of the day, and likewise Mr. Graves's right to employ him as the basis for these *jeux d'esprit.* It is a good essay; but one wonders why it was called for. Perhaps some of Mr. Gladstone's Scotch friends were pained by the writings that treated him in any but a serious manner, and needed the joke explained.

It is impossible within our limits to do justice, or anything like it, to Mr. Graves's delicious fooling. The poem in imitation of "Pindarum quisquis" (Carm. iv., 2), addressed to the new laureate and warning him against rivalry with the late one, may be specially commended, as likely to meet a wide appreciation in America. Forced to select the shortest ode as a specimen, we are glad to give the version of "Persicos odi" (Carm. i., 38)—of which Thackeray's adaptation is familiar—addressed to Lord Warkworth, the youthful heir of the house of Percy:

Though the pomp and parade of the Percys I never could wholly abide,
Nor those strawberry leaves—rarely sported, alas! on the Liberal side—
Still it pains me acutely to see you, a youth of such promise and power,
Given o'er to the *cult of the primrose,* an utterly obsolete flower.

Now, if you're in search of an emblem sufficiently simple and neat,
With the dear little delicate shamrock there's nothing on earth to compete;
I've a clump of it growing at Hawarden, so come any day that you're free.
P. S.—If it's fine, in the garden you'll find us at five o'clock tea.

There is appended to Mr. Graves's poems a very witty adaptation of Epode ii, by Mr. E. V. Lucas.

Introduction to Elementary Practical Biology: A Laboratory Guide for High-School and College Students. By Charles Wright Dodge, M.S. Harper & Bros. 8vo, pp. xxiii, 422.

The pages of this volume bristle with interrogation-marks. Pupils are expected to find the answers to the questions in specimens of different typical forms of plants or animals. Explanations in regard to securing the object and preparing it, to reagents, implements, and methods of examination, are supplied in the text; but the student is required to find, note, and sketch from the specimen, as if conduct-

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ing an original investigation. The questions lead the attention in proper directions, they prevent waste of time over less important detail in comparative studies, and they include enough to make up a comprehensive knowledge of the groups from which the types are chosen. The matter is divided into three parts: part first relates to the biology of the cell, and includes the morphology and physiology in unicellular and multicellular plants and animals; part second treats of the biology of the animal, the types chosen being the sponge, polyp, hydroid, starfish, earthworm, lobster or crayfish, locust, mussel, and the frog; and part third contains the biology of the plant, with types from greenfelts, stoneworts, rockweeds, moulds, mushrooms, liverworts, ferns, and flowering plants. The order of procedure is the following: Morphology—naked-eye characters, microscopic characters; Physiology—growth, movements of protoplasm; General questions. The terms defined are in bold-face type. Lists of reagents and of helpful books are appended. In general the subjects are well arranged, the questions are evidently chosen by experience in teaching, and the explanations are full enough for sufficient aid to instructors and students without inducing carelessness or laziness. The volume is one that must prove helpful to instructors of all grades, and it is one that can be used with great advantage in study without a teacher. A student able to answer its questions cannot fail to possess an excellent knowledge in the morphology and physiology of plants and animals.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Allport, Dr. F. The Eye and its Care. Philadelphia: Lippincott. $1.
Bray, C. The King's Revenge. D. Appleton & Co. $1.
Cheshire, H. F. The Hastings Chess Tournament, 1895. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $1.75.
Dijkstra, W., and Hettema, F. B. Friesch Woordenboek (Frisian Dictionary) Part I. Leeuwarden: Meijer & Schaafsma; Oxford: James Parker & Co.
Edgar Fairfax. G. W. Dillingham. 50c.
Frederic, H. March Hares. D. Appleton & Co. $1.25.
Gordon, Rev. A. J. The Ministry of the Spirit. How Christ Came to Church. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. Each 25c.
Hans Glouck vs. William McKinley and Others. Buffalo: Peter Paul Book Co. 25c.
Keeler, B. C. History of Demonetization. American News Co.
Lea, H. C. History of Auricular Confession and Indulgences in the Latin Church. Vol. III. Indulgences. Philadelphia: Lea Bros. $3.
Meade, Mrs. L. T. Jill, a London Flower Girl. American Publishers Corporation 50c.
Needham, Geo. C. Shadow and Substance. Philadelphia: Baptist Publication Society. 75c.
Parmelee, Mary P. Evolution of an Empire: The United States. New York: William Beverly Harrison. 50c.
Robinson, Edward. Museum of Fine Arts. Boston. Catalogue of Casts. Part III. Greek and Roman Sculpture. Revised ed. 1896. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.
Silver; or, Gold Bug's Financial Kindergarten. New York: Kindergarten Publishing Co. 25c.
Smith, F. C. A Lover in Homespun, and Other Stories. Philadelphia: Henry Altemus.
Smith, J. Payne. A Compendious Syriac Dictionary. Part I. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
The Oxford Homer. Oxford: Clarendon Press; New York: Macmillan.
Transactions of the Colonial Society of Massachusetts, 1892–1894. Boston: Published by the Society.
Trevert, Edward. Something about X Rays for Everybody. Lynn, Mass.: Bubier Publishing Co.
Trowbridge, Frances B. The Ashley Genealogy: A History of the Descendants of Robert Ashley of Springfield, Massachusetts. New Haven: The Author. $5.25
Upton, J. K. Money in Politics. 2d ed. Boston: D. Lothrop Co. $1.25.
White, Horace. Money and Banking. Boston: Ginn & Co. 50c.
Wilcox, W. D. Camping in the Canadian Rockies. G. P. Putnam's Sons. $4.
Wilson, Annie H. Mr. Mercer of New York. G. W. Dillingham. 50c.
Wilson, J. G. Love in Letters. G. W. Dillingham.
Woods, Kate T. Mopsy: Her Tangles and Triumphs. Boston: Lothrop Publishing Co. $1.25.

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